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Mail

Carlylian Coronation

By RICHARD FISKE—

Following is an extract from a letter written by Thomas Carlyle to his wife on September 8, 1831:

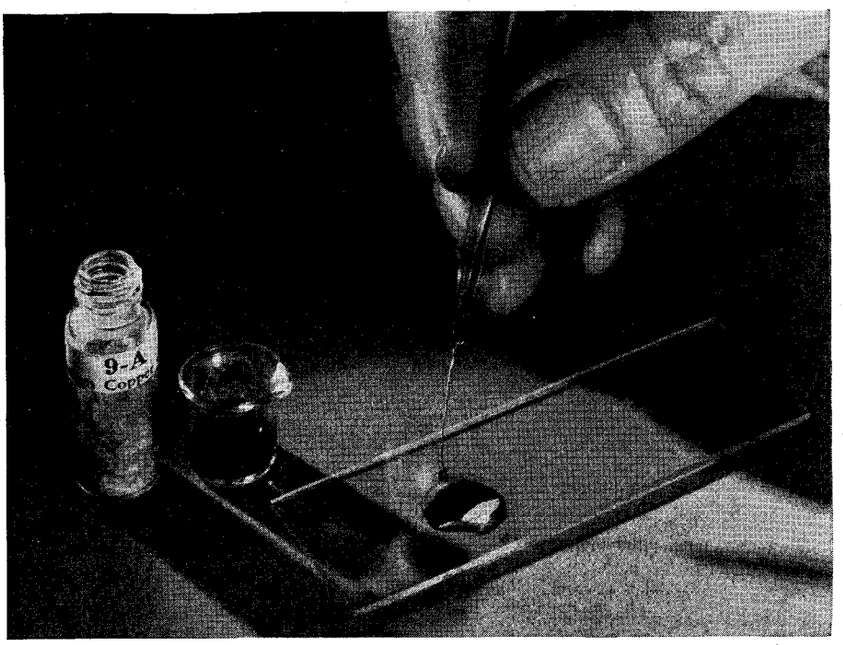
"This morning I went for a frank, and half incidentally saw the Coronation procession, which seventy or eighty thousand woodenheads besides were looking at. It only detained me some five or ten minutes. . . . Quantities of caps and feathers, and then at last the royal carriage all made of glass and gilding, more like a huge glass Lantern than anything I ever saw; and there the poor old King and poor ugly Queen, dimly seen sitting like two foolish waxdolls (which they were) letting themselves be trailed, in their lantern go-cart. What took me I know not: but I burst into the heartiest fit of laughter I have had for some time: perhaps one ought rather to have cried; for it was the ghost of the past perhaps taking *final* leave of the world, where as a body or as ghost it has now walked for some three thousand years! Poor King! they will be consecrating and *clothing* him even now in that old Abbey; and what avails it to him or to me or to any man or woman! *Ex nihilo nihil fit.**"

New York City.

Thomas Carlyle refers to the Coronation procession of William IV, whose ineptitude for

*Out of nothing nothing is made.

(Continued on page 43)



50,000 GAMMAS

DIVIDE this drop into 50,000 parts. Each part is a gamma—1/28,329,000 of an ounce. Yet in such tiny units research chemists find the secrets of long life and efficient operation of electric machinery—of refrigerators and electric clocks, of lamps as small as a grain of wheat, and great turbines that supply electric power to a whole city.

A smear of oil, a chip of metal, a scarcely visible film on a polished surface—these are clues to improved designs. Working with drops on a microscope slide, General Electric scientists are able to detect even as little as 1/1,000,000,000 ounce of impurity. And so, in the Research Laboratory, in Schenectady, they check and examine, contributing of their skill and experience to the final perfection of the finished machine.

Scientific research requires attention to a thousand details, patience to carry out innumerable experiments, clear understanding of the fundamental principles of nature. And the results of this painstaking research in the world of the very small are longer life and lower cost of operation in the manufactured products that you use.

G-E research has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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1927

1937

TEN YEARS AGO
THIS OCTOBER

It is interesting to turn back the pages of the years and read the record of a business. For time has a way of testing purposes and policies. Good years and lean reveal the character of men and organizations. The fundamental policy of the Bell System is not of recent birth—it has been the corner-stone of the institution for many years. On October 20, 1927, it was reaffirmed in these words by

Walter S. Gifford, President, American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

"The business of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its Associated Bell Telephone Companies is to furnish telephone service to the nation. This business from its very nature is carried on without competition in the usual sense.

"These facts have a most important bearing on the policy that must be followed by the management if it lives up to its responsibilities.

"The fact that the ownership is so widespread and diffused imposes an unusual obligation on the management to see to it that the savings of these hundreds of thousands of people are secure and remain so.

"The fact that the responsibility for such a large part of the entire telephone service of the country rests solely upon this Company and its Associated Companies also imposes on the management an unusual obligation to the public to see to it that the service shall at all times be adequate, dependable and satisfactory to the user.

"Obviously, the only sound policy that will meet these obligations is to continue to furnish the best possible telephone service at the lowest cost consistent with financial safety. This policy is bound to succeed in the long run and there is no justification for acting otherwise than for the long run.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"Earnings must be sufficient to assure the best possible telephone service at all times and to assure the continued financial integrity of the business. Earnings that are less than adequate must result in telephone service that is something less than the best possible.

"Earnings in excess of these requirements must either be spent for the enlargement and improvement of the service furnished or the rates charged for the service must be reduced. This is fundamental in the policy of the management.

"The margin of safety in earnings is only a small percentage of the rate charged for service, but that we may carry out our ideals and aims it is essential that this margin be kept adequate. Cutting it too close can only result in the long run in deterioration of service while the temporary financial benefit to the telephone user would be negligible.

"With your sympathetic understanding we shall continue to go forward, providing a telephone service for the nation more and more free from imperfections, errors or delays, and always at a cost as low as is consistent with financial safety."

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK MAY 22, 1937

Topics of the day

CALIF OF BAGDAD (JERSEY CITY)

Frank Hague, Boss and Mayor for 24 Years, Wins Again

"You tell your men to stop every damn coal-truck that tries to leave this city!"

Mayor Frank Hague banged a heavy fist on his desk. Jersey City's Chief of Police blinked and darted from the office.

It was the winter of 1926. The anthracite fields of Pennsylvania and West Virginia were in the grip of a bitter strike. In Jersey City, as in countless other municipalities along the Eastern seaboard, poor families shivered and gazed gloomily at empty scuttles and dead stoves.

But Frank Hague was thinking fast, a trait for which he is famed. What about those piles of coal along the railroad tracks? One company owned 25,000 tons which it was carting off in ten-ton trucks to sell at a fancy price outside the city....

The Mayor summoned his Chief of Police and barked his orders. To the manager of the company, who soon stormed into City Hall to ask what had happened, the Mayor shouted:

"The policeman's night-stick is the law in this particular situation."

Fires—Then Hague made an offer. If the company would ship some of its coal to every police and fire station in the city and distribute it to the poor for ten cents a scuttle, he would let the trucks through. The manager agreed quickly. Stoves glowed once more.

The record of Democratic Boss Hague's twenty-four-year reign over the second largest city in New Jersey is studded with such incidents. The electorate has expressed its enthusiastic approval of them by returning the Boss to office six times running. Last week, in an election, it once more indorsed his administration—in a manner surprizing even the Mayor.

There were no issues. The Republican opposition was so weak as to be almost non-existent. Yet, 121,474 of Jersey City's 157,469 registered voters (79 per cent.) took the trouble to vote—and all but 6,798 of these voted Democratic. It was the biggest plurality Jersey City ever has handed to any candidate.

The victory was a thumping affirmation of Frank Hague's dominance in New Jersey politics. It brought him almost to the peak of a career that began forty-nine years ago when he left school to go to work as a blacksmith's helper. He likes to point out the school to people when his chauffeur drives him through that part of town. It's just a block or two behind the little frame house alongside the railroad tracks where he was born in 1876.

Prides—Frank Hague is equally proud of two aspects of his career: his self-propelled rise from the shabby obscurity of Jersey City's "Horseshoe" ward to nation-wide prominence and the "good government" which his organizing genius has brought to his home-town.

Three years of sledge-hammer swinging in the smithy's shop and four years of similar toiling in Erie Railroad yards transformed Hague from a sickly stripling into a broad-shouldered, thick-chested stalwart, strong enough to run for constable of the Horseshoe ward and popular enough to get elected.

This was his first elective office. Shrewd, robust and possessed of the quantity of luck which every Irishman claims as a birthright, he started the climb to bossism. The route is a familiar one in American politics:

1895—Constable, no salary. There followed a long period during which he did routine organization work to get the practical training which every political tyro who hopes to rise must have.

Acme

Boss Hague: "You know I'm right!"

1908—City Hall custodian, $2,000 a year.

1911—Elected a member of the Street and Water Board. Salary: $3,000.

1913—Elected to the five-man Commission as Director of Public Safety. Salary: $5,000. Jersey City adopted the commission type of government that year as a step toward crushing the Democratic "machine" which dominated City Hall. Hague was emerging as the new leader. As it turned out, government by commission abetted rather than blocked him in his march to power.

1917—Reelected to Commission. His fellow Commissioners, whom he had pulled into office, promptly elected him Mayor. The process since has been repeated every four years.

1919—Further entrenched himself in the van of Jersey politics by pushing his own candidate, Edward I. Edwards, into the Governorship. Thereafter he was as prominent a figure nationally as at home. What Frank Hague had to say about the candidates meant something at Democratic national conventions. In 1928, he demanded the nomination of Alfred E. Smith and, in the subsequent campaign, was instrumental in piling up more Smith votes in the East than any defeated candidate ever had received. Four years later, at Chicago, he led the "Stop-Roosevelt" movement and kept the convention seething until the California delegation deserted his cause and bolted to the New York Governor. He was directly responsible for the forthright liquor plank in the 1932 Democratic platform.

Twice, with a legal lapse between terms, he made his fellow City Commissioner, A. Harry Moore, Governor of New Jersey, then successfully battled for his election to the United States Senate. Next year, he says, Moore will make the race for Governor again, quitting his Senate seat.

New Jersey's No. 1 *politico* at once is the prototype and antithesis of the cartoon politician—the paunchy, moon-faced individual who chews cigars, wears fancy vests and usually is pictured astride the city treasury. Frank Hague is a six-footer, chesty and almost bald. He has the throaty laugh, the booming voice of the old-time city boss. He smacks one palm into the other, waves an impressive forefinger in the air before launching it in the direction of his listener's necktie, strides around his desk and displays other autocratic mannerisms.

He is not particular about his grammar unless addressing a sizable portion of the electorate. He punctuates his sentences with swear-words, his paragraphs with "You understand me?" or "You know I'm right!" He barks frequently at underlings, yet his voice has the smoothness of rich cream when he greets an intern in one of the corridors of Jersey City's Medical Center.

Stunts—He has hundreds of first names poised on his tongue as he swings through the public buildings of his bailiwick. He waves cheerily at qualified voters and smiles benevolently at children when he hears them shout, "Hi, Mayor!" from a street-corner. He swaggers and makes no attempt to conceal his pride when recounting some piece of deft political strategy.

Beyond this point, the Hague characteristics bear no resemblance to those of the cartoon boss. He dresses neatly in dark suits, subdued ties, arch-conservative stiff collars. He never has taken a drink. He gave up smoking as a young man. Long ago he suffered from nervous indigestion, so he gave up tea and coffee for twenty years.

"Some will-power, eh?" he observes

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Pictures, Inc.

Harry Moore will quit his Senate seat to run in Jersey race for Governor again

when describing this self-imposed treatment.

His daily routine is much like that of any affluent business executive. Up at 7 A.M., he shaves, has a shower, eats a breakfast of toast and (now) coffee and reads the papers.

"If I ever got hold of the paper before I started shaving, I'd never get to the office," he says.

Busy—At 8:30 the telephone starts to ring. It is almost ten o'clock before he can get away from his apartment (in a strongly Republican residential section of town), climb into his five-passenger Cadillac and head for City Hall.

At least once a day the Mayor visits the Medical Center, pride of Jersey City and pet of Hague, who sponsored it. Here he chats with nurses, doctors and patients, conducting visitors on tours through the wards and operating-rooms.

At lunch-time he likes to motor through the Holland Tunnel (running under the Hudson between Jersey City and New York) to the swanky Plaza Hotel on upper Fifth Avenue. His midday meal seldom varies when he eats there. The first course is half-a-grapefruit flavored with orange-juice and several spoonfuls of powdered sugar. This is followed by kidney pie or lamb chops and boiled potatoes, with *Salad Montrol* as a side-dish. During this course he munches quantities of melba toast. Two cups of coffee and a dish of rhubarb top off the luncheon; then he is ready for an afternoon of appointments.

Prankster—The Mayor gets to bed early—no later than 10 P.M., usually. But, in a half-playful, half-serious mood he sometimes stays up later to check the efficiency of his police or fire departments. He goes into a drug store, puts in a wild call for the police, then whips out his watch to see how long it takes the men to reach him. The rule of the department is that calls must be responded to within three minutes. If there is any delay, the offenders face an unpleasant chat with the Boss.

This is one phase of the Hague campaign for "good government," which has been in progress since he was elected to the Commission. He has fought every election with the slogan "No Vice, No Crime, No Racketeering." As a result, a survey by the Federal Bureau of Investigation shows that Jersey City has less crime than any other city of more than 100,000 population in the country.

The Mayor will not tolerate shady saloons, burlesque houses, cabarets, or night-clubs. Not long ago a New York night-club owner popped up in the heart of Jersey City with plans for a $50,000 cabaret. Through a local police captain, Boss Hague told him to forget the idea, but the visitor stubbornly went through with his scheme. On the opening night, fifty policemen fell on the place with a whoop, escorted the patrons out, sent the musicians home and arrested the unhappy proprietor.

"On what charge?" says the Mayor with a guffaw. "Why, the guy didn't have a music license. He had no license from the Board of Health, either."

Health—This is in keeping with the Mayor's idea of "keeping my people happy." Every man, woman and child among Jersey City's 360,000 souls is the personal ward of the Boss. To safeguard their health he has built them the Medical Center, staffed with expert nurses and doctors who dispense free treatment to 100,000-odd patients every year. The Center is comprised of six units, among them the Margaret Hague (the Mayor's mother) Maternity Hospital, generally considered the finest obstetric hospital in the country.

To protect morals, the Mayor has banned amusement-places where his people may drink and dance at the same time, has imposed a midnight curfew on dance-halls and has empowered his police to arrest upon sight any man or woman with a criminal record. In 1932, during May, June and July, 200 criminals who strayed into town to escape a dragnet in New York City were thrown into Boss Hague's jails under Boss Hague's "Disorderly Persons Act."

To keep children out of State reformatories, where they might learn how to become professional criminals, the Mayor *six years ago established a Bureau* of Special Service. The Bureau's chief function is to instruct parents of "delinquent" boys and girls how to improve the environment and habits of the children. The Boss is revolted by the idea of a patrol-wagon drawing up to a curb to pick up a "bad boy."

His method of handling delinquency has reduced the number of Jersey City children in State institutions from 600 a year to twenty or twenty-five.

Finally, he is in the act of safeguarding the purses of his taxpayers. In a day when most municipalities are poking around among dusty files in an anxious search for new forms of taxation, Jersey City meets expenses out of revenue received. This pay-as-you-go policy resulted in a surplus, at the end of 1936, of $1,309,995. This year there will be a cut in taxes.

"Good government" such as this, according to Frank Hague, has kept him in power since 1913. "This is the seventh time I've been elected," he observed last week, "1941 will be the eighth, 1945 will be the ninth, 1949 will be the tenth and then I'll retire—I'm sixty-one now."

The Boss has each of Jersey City's twelve wards subdivided into districts, Each district is "covered" by a small army of thirty "heelers." They are responsible to the district-leader, who is responsible in turn, to the ward-leader. To each heeler a certain number of homes is entrusted. If a family needs fuel, food or clothing, the heeler provides it. If there is sickness in the family, the heeler brings a doctor. When elections roll around he must coax the qualified voters to the polls.

On Election day last week, every registered voter in the city received a post-card from the Mayor—a polite reminder that Jersey City needed Boss Hague for at least four more years.

THIN DIMES: Panhandling No Easy Game Now as America Shakes Out of Slump

1933—Dark days of depression . . . panhandlers on every street . . . "Buddy, can yuh give me a dime for a cupacoffee?"
1937—Brightening days of recovery. . . . Public grows hard-boiled . . . ranks of the medicants thinning.

Begging isn't easy as spring of 1937 draws toward summer.

Police reports from a dozen major cities showed last week that professional panhandling no longer is the lush field it was in the sympathetic early days of America's great slump. Relief, private jobs, a public that has learned to say "no"—all are factors.

Yet beggars must eat—and do. Most of the professionals—the fellows who haunt the streets for nickels and dimes, depression or no—have little difficulty. Some do well, others just make a living. As with any vocation, the rewards go to the best technicians.

Fields—Times Square, New York, the Loop in Chicago, Market Street in San Francisco, Pershing Square in Los Angeles, are the fields where professionals make hay while the arcs shine.

Amateurs pop up in every city. Some have ingenuity enough to think up a new

Keystone

Familiar to city streets are crippled venders

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line of appeal, others cling to the time-worn ". . . haven't eaten for two days."

Most cities have laws against panhandling and other forms of begging, but license some types. Few enforce their regulations.

The wide-spread popular belief that nearly all professional beggars own apartment-houses somewhere and ultimately are found dead on mattresses stuffed with $10 bills, is not borne out by records.

Any one sufficiently curious to make the test can estimate the daily wage of the professional without too much difficulty. All that is needed is to watch one continuously for an hour or so, note the contributions, make an estimate of working hours, multiply the results.

Recent tests along this line in New York City indicated that the professional beggar probably made about $6 in a day of ten hours. Of course, should he meet a good-natured drunk, this easily might be doubled.

Dodges—There are tricks to the trade. Fundamentally, the appeal is to sympathy, but it is varied in ingenious ways. The blind (?) musician who plays the violin, accordion or the like, accompanied by a dog or faded, wistful woman companion, can make $20 a day in New York, $15 in Detroit and about this average across the country.

Police reports from such widely separated centers as Chicago, New Orleans, Detroit, St. Louis, Denver, Atlanta, San Francisco, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington show how the general level of panhandling is dropping with the depression.

High spots were not only in 1933 but 1932. Today, police generally agree there is less than in 1929. More general relief, knowledge by the public that relief exists, makes people more hard-boiled now.

Generally speaking, beggars are separated into two categories: "moochers" (resident beggars) and "stemmers" (transients). The former have their pet spots, often become locality landmarks. The latter raise enough for a meal, a "flop" and some cheap liquor, move on. Both are easily distinguishable by the even mildly-sophisticated.

In few cities do professional beggars split their returns with the police. Such cases have been known here and there. Probably the charge is 95 per cent. unfair. Wise cops say it isn't worth while.

The better-times drop in begging is reflected in arrests of panhandlers in New York City. They hit a high of 4,942 in 1932, dropped to a low of 2,136 in 1936. Of the men hauled up in New York last year, 935 received suspended sentences, forty-five were discharged, fifty-five fined or forfeited bonds, 908 were imprisoned or sent to psychopathic wards. This gives a fair indication of the manner in which such cases are handled. Other cities' statistics reflect the same trend.

Or Else—In many small cities the usual system is to offer the panhandler his choice between the local hoosegow and the next freight-train out of town.

In most of the large cities mentioned the average professional screens begging behind an official license to peddle. What he peddles is immaterial, usually a veteran pair of shoe-laces or half-a-dozen battered pencils. The shock to an experienced professional, should any one take a pencil, probably would put him in the nearest hospital.

Few professionals are abroad in business hours. They prefer the more open-handed periods. Theater going-in and coming-out times are favorites. Dinner-time is a good season. Sundays are for rest.

Shortly after the "baby depression" of 1921, two New York social workers left New York and traveled to Chicago, begging their way. Both men averaged $10 a day, stopping in such cities as Albany, Utica, Rochester, Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland and Toledo.

Switch—Returning, they dressed somewhat better, wore Army discharge buttons, used a different approach, picked a different class of victims. Instead of ". . . haven't had a meal, *etc.*," it was ". . . Say, mister, I hate to do this but I can't get a job and they're going to evict my wife and kids, *etc.*"

This style doubled the take.

A few years later, James W. Barrett, City Editor of the New York *World*, assigned an ace girl reporter, Ann Cutler, to do some stories on the begging racket. Dressed in carefully chosen rags, she worked Times Square and the theatrical district, found she made more than *The World* paid her.

Nellie, a faded Dixie belle, had lost both legs in an accident. But there was nothing the matter with her brains. She became widely known in New York's theatrical district and on Fifth Avenue.

Detectives discovered that when her day's work ended she climbed into a wheel-chair propelled by a lad in her pay, went home to a comfortable hotel and the ministrations of a maid. She had to leave town.

A few months ago a beggar was arrested in Chicago. Police found he had two thriving bank-accounts, one for $44,000 and another for $3,500. Another arrested some time before had savings of $28,000 and went to jail rather than pay a fine.

But these are exceptions.

Ditty—Sometimes beggars' and panhandlers' earnings are affected by odd circumstances beyond their control. In 1933, every radio in the land was blaring fifteen times a day, "Buddy, can you spare a dime?"

Immediately, panhandlers who never had built anything more lasting than a bad hangover began to cash in on the grim appeal of the song.

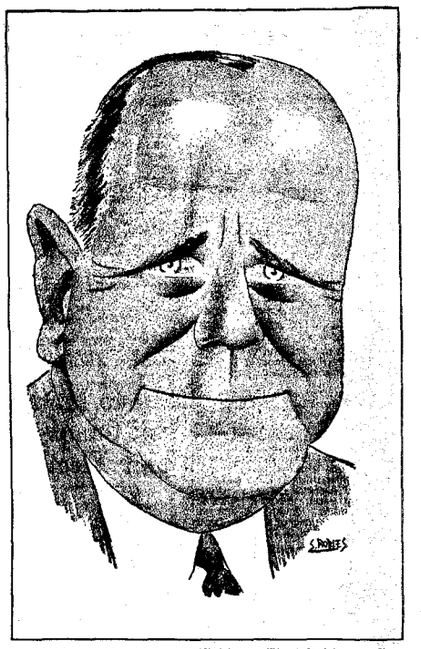
Some years ago, Damon Runyon wrote a little gem of a short story about "Apple Annie" of Times Square. It reached the screen with May Robson in the rôle as "Lady for a Day." All the *Apple Annies* soon found business brisker.

PRUNING TIME: Congress Wants to Trim Budget, But Hates to Take Up Shears

Congress showed last week how easy it is to vow to economize and vote to spend.

A month had passed since the President sent his last budget message to Capitol Hill asking for $1,500,000,000 to carry on the relief program and predicting a deficit for 1938 of $418,000,000—a deficit which he hoped to whittle down by "every means at my command."

During the interval the walls of the Capitol had reechoed with vigorous denunciations of spending and earnest proposals for pruning all along the line. At least one cipher would be knocked off every appropriation bill; so the orators shouted. The big item of relief would be hammered down to a flat billion.



S. Robles in The Washington Post

Among the budget-trimmers: Bennett Champ Clark

Then WPA Administrator Harry L. Hopkins appeared before the House Appropriations Committee to announce softly but firmly that his bureau could not get along on less than the $1,500,000,000 the President had requested. Even that estimate was based upon the ability of industry to give jobs to some 525,000 unemployed who would have to be dropped from the relief rolls, he reminded the members.

No Soap—The United States Conference of Mayors, the fastest growing lobby in Washington to-day, offered the Committee a report showing that towns and cities had "done their full share" in fighting unemployment. To cut the appropriation was "simply unthinkable," the Mayors said. The American Federation of Labor agreed. So did a nation-wide association of relief workers, the Workers' Alliance.

So much debating has there been in Congress of late on the need for economy and so little mention of where to begin cutting down that the situation last week reminded Rep. Clifton A. Woodrum, Virginia Democrat, of a Negro preacher who was approached by a committee of his parishioners one Sunday and asked to resign.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I fails to understand this action. What's the complaint? Ain't I challenged the devil?"

"Yes, Parson," replied the chairman of the group. "You shore has challenged the devil."

"Don't I argufy the Scriptures?"

"Parson, we has to admit you does argufy the Scriptures."

"Then, brother, what am the trouble?"

"Well, Parson," explained the chairman, "it's this way. You challenges the devil all right, you argufy the Scriptures fine, and you shore disputifies the Scriptures. But the trouble is you don't specify wherein."

Action—While Congress haggled, President Roosevelt returned from his fortnight's

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fishing trip in the Gulf of Mexico. Taking in the rebellious yet uncertain air around the Capitol with one sniff, he jumped into action, called conferences.

First indications were that the Chief Executive was in a fighting mood, did not intend to be side-tracked by Congressional objections to his views; his Court plan would be backed without compromise; the relief budget would remain as he fixed it.

Faced with the proposition of having to remain in Washington through the torrid months, maybe not adjourning until late August, legislators winced as they learned the President had presented a new list of "must" legislation. This included, in addition to the contentious Court and relief measures, farm-tenant relief, long-time power, flood-control and conservation policies, a balanced budget for 1938, regulation of maximum hours and minimum wages of labor and prohibition of child labor, extension for two years at the most of manufacturers' excise taxes and "nuisance" taxes.

Lawmaking—Attention naturally centered on the Supreme Court plan. One Senator hoped something would soon happen about it so that legislators could go back to their regular business. From many sides the President learned that compromise was being openly discussed.

Some opponents of the Court plan were anxious to know whether or not seventy-nine-year-old Justice Willis Van Devanter intended to resign because of ill health. If this is his plan, they hope he will announce his resignation when the Court recesses for the summer.

Supporters of the plan contend that opposing Democratic Senators do not reflect the popular vote. They are positive that if the Court plan were thrown back to the people, it would be heavily indorsed.

PIED PIPER: Nation's Rats Harder to Banish Than Hamelin's; Rodent Census Guess

Now, Muse, let's sing of rats——

Back in London's coffee-houses of the eighteenth century, Dr. James Grainger despaired of humans as inspiration for his poems and took to rodents.

Down in Washington nowadays they've decided to do more than sing. Unable to get the Administration to take an immediate rodent census, pest-haters have corralled the Department of Agriculture into charting unofficial statistics about the rat throughout the United States.

Stabbing around for a good sum which could not be checked up by any alphabetic agencies of the near future, the Department came through with a lusty census figure. They reckoned there might as well be 125,000,000 rats listed as any other figure, so 125,000,000 it is—or approximately one rat for each inhabitant of the United States.

Story—Of course, the cost of computing this sum must be defrayed. So for five cents it is possible to purchase "The House Rat," by James Silver, Regional Director, Bureau of Biological Survey. This is circular No. 423 of the Department of Agriculture and contains much of rat lore that is pertinent, instructive and distressing.

Armed with well-protected canned food, refrigerators and enclosed garbage-pails, city-dwellers for the most part suffer least from rats. The black, brown or gray varieties of rodents all agree that it isn't worth climbing pipes for fifteen floors only to find everything shut up in the pantry. So occasional foraging in older houses and the slums is about as far as the rodents get in the metropolitan estimates of the Department of Agriculture. The experts' final word is that there is only half a rat for every person in every big city.

But in the smaller towns, where there are more rat-holes and the critters have more chance to forage, there is one for every inhabitant. And so numerous are rats on farms that the rural rodents look upon human beings as oddities.

Rats are not only nuisances but they are held responsible for at least seven human diseases and their breeding capacity is phenomenal. Their life-span is between three and five years and the house-rat breeds every month in the year, the average litter being ten in the North Temperate Zone. So by intricate deduction and multiplication it may be found that the progeny from one pair of rats could exceed 350,000,000 in three years. What chance have the rest of us?

Hunt—A Texas county, population 35,000, held a rat-killing contest of six weeks' duration some years ago. The industrious citizenry during that period accounted for 153,720 tails. This can't be called a fair test, however, as rats are known to prefer northern farms, where food is much more edible, according to rat gustatory standards.

In any case, all this figuring down in Washington has started thoughts of eradication campaigns. In Boston an extermination drive will be started next week. Out of the estimated 29,000,000 rats in cities of 10,000 or more, Hub City officials are determined to account for 500,000.

Mayor Mansfield and Health Commissioner Dr. Henry Watts are leading the warring legions who will drive the rodents from Beacon Hill. Where they will be driven no one knows, but out of Boston they must go. They cause $1,000,000 damage there yearly.

"The campaign is chiefly educational," said Doctor Watts, "and will enable all citizens to obtain the latest government-approved methods of rat control."

Keystone

An estimated population of 125,000,000 rats takes a small drop under an attack of ferrets

"PIX" BY PLANE: Flying Expressmen Span Atlantic Twice to "Cover" Coronation

Aviation continues to have its ups and downs.

Last week it had some ups. Henry T. (Dick) Merrill and John S. Lambie, Jr., commercial air pilots, made the first round-trip commercial plane flight over the North Atlantic course by a heavier-than-air craft. The approximately 7,000-mile two-way flight took one minute less than five days.

The purpose of the trip in the Lockheed Electra plane was to fly back pictures and news-reels of the British Coronation. The aviators took pictures of the dirigible *Hindenburg* disaster with them but the English did not care to see these for fear they might cast gloom on England's celebration spirit.

Merrill and Lambie got Coronation "still" pictures, all right. But news-reels were not brought back, as the film companies and the flight's backers could not get together on a price.

This latest transatlantic aviation success was achieved within a week of the tenth anniversary of the famous flight of Col. Charles Lindbergh (see page 36). But already New York-to-Europe hops had become so frequent that the Merrill story—while still front page news—received nothing like the eight-column banners and multicolumned space of the 1927 flight.

Americans had already heard the broadcast of the Coronation, had even seen radioed photos on the same day in their afternoon papers.

What a contrast with publication of photographs of the Coronation of George V! Pictures of that Coronation, held on June 22, 1911, were rushed over on the *Mauretania* and didn't arrive in New York until 3 A.M., June 30.

A New York *Herald* tug was waiting at Quarantine for the steamer, took the pictures, rushed the six miles to the Battery, where the precious cargo was transferred to a waiting automobile and rushed the three miles to Herald Square in six minutes.

Two hours and seven minutes after the *Mauretania* arrived at Quarantine on that June 30, 1911, *The Herald* was on the stands with pictures—eight days after the Coronation.

FAUX PAS: Lady Diplomat Harriman Speaks Out of Turn on Norway Treaty

"Oh, but I thought everybody knew that!"

A few moments after she had been sworn in as Minister to Norway, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman let one of the smaller diplomatic cats out of the bag. One of the reporters at a Washington press conference popped a casual question—what was she planning to do about a reciprocal trade

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treaty for her recently acquired Scandinavian domain?

Anxious to be as palsy-walsy as possible with the press at this initial séance, she beamed—as only a New York and Washington society woman can beam.

"Oh, that's already been done," she declared.

Taken quite by surprize at receiving such a prompt reply from a diplomat—and a new one to boot—the reporters were elated. More vociferous hemming and hawing, however, was done by Michael J. McDermott, press contact man of the State Department.

Between clearing his throat nervously and hoping to catch the fleeing diplomatic kitten before it rounded the corner of the nation's front pages, he tried to bridge the gap.

"There's been no official announcement about that yet, Madame Minister," he said. "We have only been exploring the matter thus far. It is not quite correct to say that the negotiations are in progress."

"Oh," sighed the sixty-seven-year-old woman diplomat, "I see."

This slight schooling in the A-B-C's of diplomacy had interrupted Mrs. Harriman's scheduled eulogy on Norway, the Norwegians and the excellent work done there by predecessor Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., of Philadelphia, newly appointed Ambassador to Poland.

POSERS: Citizenship "Exam" Questions Stump Even Congressmen, Justices; Changes Asked

Uncle Sam is getting choosy about the mental caliber of his new citizens—too choosy, think many members of Congress.

When a brand-new Roman thrust out his chest and proudly announced, "I am a Roman citizen," it usually meant he had a good pull with some Senator.

But when the brand-new American sticks a tiny flag on his coat lapel and goes to the local Chamber of Commerce reception, it means he has passed something akin to a civil-service examination.

This examination is now under fire in the House of Representatives. Leading the fight for sounder citizenship tests are Rep. Samuel Dickstein of New York and Rep. Noah M. Mason of Illinois.

One of the teasers asked of citizenship applicants is, "Why does Congress meet?"

"I don't think most of us know why it is meeting," commented Mr. Mason dryly.

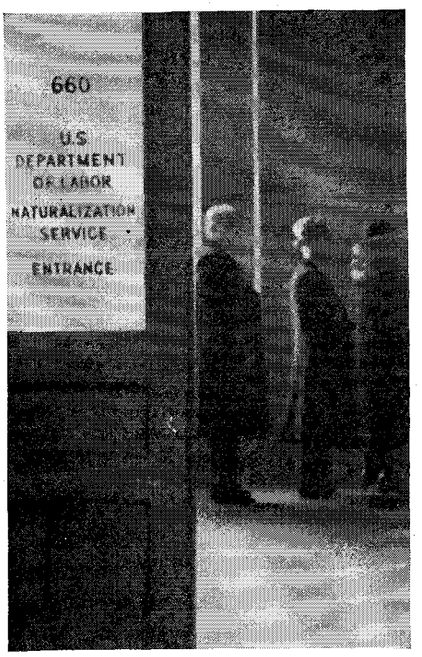
Test—But Mr. Dickstein goes further. He wants the Department of Labor, which propounds the questions, to change them. Taking a list of fifty questions in his hand, he visited judges, members of Congress, educators, editors, posing jaw-breakers.

"Why, some of these questions would flabbergast judges of the Supreme Court," said Dickstein, ". . . the list certainly is unfair to a poor immigrant, and shows that a change certainly is in order."

Study of the questions which have aroused Congressional ire reveals some tough nuts:

Have you read the Constitution of the United States?

This is partly a test of honesty, for how many of the native-born could honestly answer "yes" to this question? Brief, if informal, tests indicate perhaps a third of the better-educated. In most cases



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Prospective Americans wait their turn to tell "why Congress meets"

those questioned, able to say "yes," qualified by remarking: "A long time ago."

Please explain in your own words what these principles (of the Constitution) mean.

College graduates might have difficulty in expressing clearly what the principles of the Constitution mean to them.

Can a person exercise his rights, granted by the Constitution, without any regard to the rights of others?

The candidate can't answer with a plain "yes" or "no" and take a chance.

The Constitution . . . guarantees freedom of speech and of the press. What do you understand that to mean?

In the Minnesota gag-law case the Supreme Court split five to four on that.

Do you understand what due process of law is?

That's another one which has had Supreme Court Justices swinging wildly and by no means unanimously for generations.

Does the Federal Government or do the State Governments determine the qualifications of voters?

A good many millions of native-born Americans who have been casting votes for every one from constable to President for years couldn't answer that one.

Representative Dickstein, previously in the limelight as chief rival to Hamilton Fish as a smeller-out of subversive alien activities, believes the entire examination should be revised.

NECKS IN: Irishman and Jew Keep Quiet Behind To-Day's Rooseveltian Brain Trust

Zoologists say some land tortoises live 200 years because they don't stick out their necks when in danger.

Perhaps similar discretion has something to do with the prolonged political life of the singular team of Corcoran & Cohen, Presidential aids, amateur musicians and professional intellectuals.

Alternately regaling innocent neighbors with weird musical selections and supplying President Roosevelt with refreshing legislative ideas, these ancient Brain Trusters have survived since 1933 because they haven't stuck out their necks. Moley, Tugwell, Berle and others had their brief days in the sun: Corcoran and Cohen linger on in the shadows.

Only last week the mysterious pair were reported to have interspersed piano and accordion duets, probably asked for by nobody, with tentative drafts of laws covering maximum hours and minimum wages, asked for by the President of the United States.

Bankers, brokers, manufacturers and plain and assorted business men manifest scant interest in the team's symphonic endeavors, but they'd give a lot to know what Corcoran & Cohen produced in their bill-drafting labors. But they can't find out. Corcoran & Cohen don't talk. They pull in their necks.

No Mustard—In Washington, Thomas Gardiner Corcoran and Benjamin Victor Cohen are known as "hot-dogs." They are protégés of Prof. Felix Frankfurter. That qualifies them for the gustatory sobriquet. They do not resent it—are proud of it.

Corcoran, officially, is Special Counsel to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation (salary, $10,000). Cohen, similarly, is Counsel to the Department of the Interior (salary, $8,000). Both are worth more, but don't keep asking for raises. Full-time workers, only their leisure is devoted to clandestine activities for the President. Yet, they accomplish enough to be the talk of the Capital.

Not that they encourage the talk. Tho they know all the newspaper men in Washington, speaking to them freely about the weather, they don't discuss politics. With bland smiles, they parry questions. They are rarely seen entering or leaving the White House, tho they are closer to it by telephone than the Cabinet.

Corcoran & Cohen exist only to make life easier for the Boss in the White House. This is how they do it:

The President's brow is knit over a problem. Perhaps he wants a law. He calls in Corcoran, who later consults with Cohen. Together they draft a general outline of desired objectives. Then they marshal a small army of "young brains," discovered by Corcoran in various governmental offices. RFC, SEC, PWA, TVA bulge with "young brains."

Samples—The "brains" snap into action. Legislative blue-prints are made, passed back to Corcoran & Cohen. Finally, the blue-prints, blue-penciled by the C. & C. team, are rushed to the President, ready for Congress. Such New Deal agencies as the Electric Farm and Home Authority, RFC (new style), SEC, TVA were set up in this way.

Tom Corcoran is thirty-six. His wavy black hair is streaked with gray, so he looks older. His Irish blue eyes twinkle merrily. Six feet tall, he has a robust figure, developed by rough manual labor. While at Harvard he worked every summer in lumber camps, as telephone-lineman, as Adirondack guide, as sports-instructor. Now, when pressure is heavy, he works thirty-six to forty-eight hours without sleep, takes it in his stride, yet looks fresh.

Topping his Harvard Law School class in 1925, he mentioned the fact casually in applying for a job with John W. Davis's

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Ghost team Corcoran and Cohen (right to left) . . . legislative tips to an accordion accompaniment

law firm in New York. They thought he was lying, sent him on his way, checked, found he had not exaggerated, called him back. Too late. He had returned to Harvard for special study under Felix Frankfurter, doing research in corporation, international and labor law. Incidentally, to the great dismay of his conservative Rhode Island family, he learned and accepted his mentor's liberal doctrines.

Work—His first job placed him with another ultraliberal: He became Secretary to Associate Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. In 1932, he became Counsel to the RFC, appointed by President Hoover. Thus, tho liberal Democrat, he began his public career in a conservative Republican régime.

In 1933, Mr. Roosevelt arrived at the White House after a campaign in which he had promised to correct stock-market abuses. The new President sought Felix Frankfurter's aid. Proudly the Professor pointed to young Corcoran in Hoover's RFC set-up. Roosevelt sent for him, chatted a while, started him on his brilliant way.

In a short time Corcoran met "Benny" Cohen. The Irishman and the Jew saw eye to eye from the beginning, took an apartment together to facilitate collaboration after office-hours. The team joined James Landis (soon to head Harvard Law School) and other young lawyers, drafted the Securities and Exchange Law, won the President's admiration and confidence.

Helper—Corcoran's facility of expression, his easy grasp of complicated subjects, soon led to opportunities to serve the President. In a few months he was examining preliminary drafts of Presidential speeches, making suggestions, doping out trenchant phrases. To-day, tho neither he (nor Charles Michelson), nor any one else writes Roosevelt's speeches, Corcoran generally knows what's in them before delivery.

Corcoran has an insignificant office on the sixth floor of the RFC Building. No name is on the door, but every one of prominence seems to know where it is. The outer office has two desks for secretaries, to whom a five-day, forty-hour week is an academic abstraction. The inner office is Corcoran's. A small desk, a bookcase, a couple of chairs—that's all. Books, newspapers, magazines are thrown carelessly about.

Corcoran uses two telephones, sometimes simultaneously. In a desk-drawer he keeps a can of concentrated dextrose (sugar). He says it enables him to work without sleep. It isn't known what his secretaries use to keep awake.

Other Half—Benny Cohen is forty-two. He looks no younger. Tall, black-haired, high-browed, he slouches in his chair, giving the appearance of being short. He isn't, but he is slightly stooped. He smokes cigarettes, chain-style. He smiles almost continuously.

Contrary to popular conception, Cohen originally was not a Harvard product. Actually, he was graduated from the University of Chicago in 1914. It wasn't until 1916 that he went to Harvard to win his degree of Doctor of Juridical Science. There he came under Frankfurter's inevitable spell.

When the War broke out, he was rejected for military service (bad eyes; he now wears glasses). He found a place, however, as an attorney with the United States Shipping Board. He then was twenty-one. Previously, he had served as Secretary to Federal Circuit Judge Julian Mack. After the War he went abroad as counsel for American Zionists. On the other side he studied governmental procedure in the United States, yearning to simplify it.

Back home he opened a law office and prospered, but a call from Frankfurter hustled him to Washington when Roosevelt became President. If the call had not come, Cohen probably would have been a corporation attorney to-day with annual practise of $100,000 or more. Instead, he works for *Uncle Sam* for $8,000 and likes it.

Setting—Cohen, like Corcoran, has an unimposing office. His door, too, bears no name, but receives many knocks. The outer office is assigned to three secretaries—two girls by day, one man by night. The inner office: a desk, a few chairs, two bookcases, nothing else. Generally his desk is untidy, strewn with newspapers, magazines and what-nots, like a city editor's desk.

He reports at 9 A.M., frequently works until one or two o'clock the next morning. In earlier years he was interested in the theater; official preoccupations made him forget it. Occasionally, he sneaks into a motion-picture house late at night. At such times, his associates say, he falls asleep. Cohen denies it, says his current screen favorite is Jean Arthur.

At home, Corcoran, the Irishman, and Cohen, the Jew, live in ideal domestic tranquillity. Friends say they never disagree, tho they have roomed together since they first became Brain Trusters.

Impartial critics say Corcoran is the better musician. He plays the accordion and piano well. Cohen plays the piano, but not well—not even wisely. It is common gossip in Washington that he has mastered only one piece. He declines to name it; insists it is not "Chop-Sticks." Neighbors shed no light on the puzzle.

Topics in Brief

"Britain Can Take It."—Editorial head-line. Cash, we take it.—*Winston-Salem Journal.*

Frequently a burning problem is to find a coin for the gas-meter.—*Carey Williams in Atlanta Georgian.*

The English are a funny race. They have one King instead of nine, like us.—*John Paine in Federated Press.*

The springtime singing of birds in Europe can scarcely be heard for the noise of rearmament.—*Wichita Eagle.*

Coal seems to be not only King in Harlan County, Kentucky, but also Queen and Crown Prince.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The school of experience offering the toughest course at present is at Madrid's University City.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

When a columnist has nothing to write about he writes about having nothing to write about.—*Olin Miller in Atlanta Journal.*

It must be love, if Wally has heard him play the accordion and seen him in the Tyrolean hat.—*H. V. Wade in Detroit News.*

Haberdashery was given as prizes at a Texas track-meet. So that there were winners of the ties.—*Portland (Me.) Evening Express.*

The League of Nations is far from being entombed, says a writer. Maybe it's just been embalmed.—*Carey Williams in Atlanta Georgian.*

It's going to be tough, if all those alphabetical combinations merge at the finish into the same old H.C.L.—*George Ryan in Boston Herald.*

Mussolini whipped poor Ethiopia from a balcony in Rome. But Spanish Loyalists don't yield readily to distant thunder.—*Jack Warwick in Toledo Blade.*

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Parade

Spurred by the Coronation turnout, London's *Daily Express* arranged a new and "very unabridged" dictionary for the benefit of **Americans** visiting England this summer. A few definitions are:

AMERICAN	*ENGLISH*
automobile	car
balcony	dress-circle
candy	sweets
drug store	chemist's
derby hat	bowler
deck (cards)	pack
elevator	lift
gasoline	petrol
garters	suspenders
hood (car)	bonnet
intermission	interval
street-car	tram
subway	tube
suspenders	braces
tubes (radio)	valves
undershirt	vest
vest	waistcoat

* * *

San Diego police officials were amused when **Victor McLaglen,** screenland's two-fisted he-man, appealed for help. On a visit to judge a bathing-beauty contest, the actor complained that his hostess threw beer-bottles at him and he demanded protection.

"He's bigger than I am, too," chuckled a police sergeant when the complaint was made.

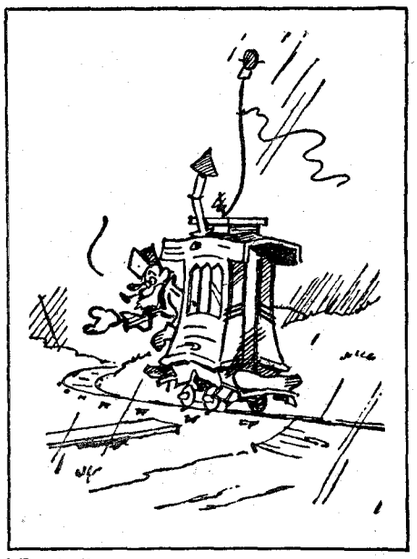
* * *

Explanation: **Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt** stated recently that the reason she traveled so much was that "you get a feeling you are the United States, if you stay in Washington too much."

* * *

Sixteen of the twenty-one American nations have agreed to participate in the Texas and Pan American Exposition opening on June 12 in Dallas. The whole State's in an uproar about the affair already and students at the Southern Methodist University are among the most enthusiastic. **Marcia Mace,** young featured ballroom dancer, recently appeared on the campus, gave a few impromptu *rhumba* lessons. A few of the students will be members of the Esquire Corps of escorts for lonely feminine visitors.

Marcia Mace brings the rhumba to Southern Methodist University



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TOONERVILLE TROLLEY: "LAST STOP —ALL OFF AT PELHAM MANOR"

Lovers of Fontaine Fox's "**Toonerville Trolley**" cartoons were agast at a lack of sentiment shown by the citizens of Pelham and Pelham Manor, New York. Defying tradition, these citizens voted to tear down the famous rambling two-mile line which, twenty-eight years ago, inspired Fox to create his series. In 1909, the artist and his wife had a ride on the uncertain Pelham Manor "limited." The proud motorman gave furious commands and when Fox didn't know how to reach a certain address, the obliging pilot got off and escorted them before returning to his roving craft.

* * *

"I'm just a notions girl at Woolworth's," said **Charlotte Amy Braun,** twenty-year-old Montague City, Massachusetts, girl when asked about her job with the Government. It was discovered that she was not an undercover agent, but the official observer for the Connecticut Flood Control Bureau under the United States Department of Agriculture. Miss Braun watches the Connecticut river every day, measures the rainfall, snowfall and the river's rise and fall during spring and autumn.

* * *

"It is too optimistic to assume that the mere translation of a scientific discovery into a usable commodity or instrument always advances civilization," declared **David Sarnoff,** President of the Radio Corporation of America. Sarnoff scoffed at the idea that just because humanity can travel faster, communicate more freely, "cook, wash, iron and gather ice-cubes with less effort than ever before, it has reached the all-time peak of civilization."

* * *

With appropriate "hi-de-ho," stirring blues rhythms filling the air, a coronation took place on **Beale Street,** Memphis,—often called the birthplace of jazz. It took place in Handy's Park, named for W. C. Handy, former Beale Street "music master" who wrote "Memphis Blues," "Beale Street Blues" and "St. Louis Blues." George W. Lee, Negro author of the book "Beale Street," said: "Under the night skies that hover over Beale, I pledge myself to the task of restoring this historical old avenue to its former prestige and glory."

Joan Haslin, young British author, denied she would write a book about America as a result of her recent visit to the United States. "God knows," she declared, "I wouldn't swell the list of bad books written by Englishmen who have been in America six weeks. It would take years here to write a good book. I put things down, nonsensical as they sound, because they're fun."

* * *

Wide-eyed children and stupefied society dowagers stood agast in Cincinnati's zoo when **Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth,** daughter of Theodore Roosevelt, allowed a six-foot king-snake to encircle her shoulders. Revealing the mystic skill of a charmer, the erstwhile "Princess Alice" of the White House explained that the study of snakes had been a hobby since her childhood. "That snake acted as if it were in the hands of an old friend," confided Joseph A. Stephan, zoo superintendent.

* * *

Dorothy Parker, one of the most often quoted and misquoted authors in America, has her own opinions of Hollywood story conferences: "The chief trouble is, you never say what you really mean. Too many people hanging on your words. Everything you do say sounds either pompous or downright silly, so you start all over again, only to confuse yourself further and becloud the whole issue. In the end you write the script from the point of view you've always had on the story and then go home and pray it won't be worse than expected."

* * *

Paradox: **The Refrigerating Machinery Association** held its annual convention at Hot Springs, Virginia!

* * *

Under an improvised big top on Santa Monica's beach-front, hundreds of Hollywood notables assembled as circus performers at a party given by **Marion Davies.** Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ruby, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Oakie and the hostess were among the more colorful participants.

Acme

Movie-stars simulated a miniature "Big Top" at Marion Davies' circus-party

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HIS MAJESTY: KING IN SYMBOL ONLY

George VI Can Do No Wrong, But He Must Work for Country

The tumult and the shouting died, the hysterical millions who kept a forty-eight-hour vigil on London streets faded away.

Street cleaners swept up four hundred tons of Coronation garbage and trash from the streets along which the anachronistic, incredible procession had passed.

And George VI, duly anointed and crowned as King-Emperor, painfully enunciated a radio message to the Empire:

"I will only say this—that if, in the coming years, I can show my gratitude in service to you, that is the way, above all others, that I should choose. . . ."

Across the Channel, H. R. H. the Duke of Windsor, whose unlaid ghost haunted the historic ceremony, listened in with his Duchess-to-be, temporarily known as Mrs. Wallis Warfield.

"Up to two years ago the darling of the British Empire," Gen. Hugh Johnson wrote in his syndicated column, "he is now the principal pain in the British neck.

"Why? Because he acted like something half-way human instead of a waxworks clothes-horse to hang an ermine kimono and metal hat on with as many rites and incantations as a voodoo funeral." The plain-speaking General added that the British monarchy was a fetish, that "while neither the King nor his brother could probably make a living even in the Garden of Eden, George is a whole lot better puppet than Dave. In fact, as a puppet, George seems perfect. He has exactly what it takes."

Power—Within twenty-four hours after the Archbishop of Canterbury nervously twitched the Crown of St. Edward in his hands and tilted it precariously on George's head, the Monarch had reason to know what a puppet he is.

The Royal Family, rumor insists, wants to please its absent member by official representation at his wedding. Several of them sympathize with the former King Edward VIII's desire to give the woman for whom he renounced a throne the coveted "H. R. H." which would give her his present royal rank.

But whether or not she would become a "Royal Highness" was still a moot point as the week ended.

The newly-crowned Albert Frederick Arthur George, by the Grace of God of Great Britain, Ireland, and of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, can not oblige his brother unless he wangles the consent of the Cabinet. Thus has dwindled the royal power, heritage of absolute authority in the days of the divine right of kings symbolized by last week's sacred ceremony.

Theory—Writing in Queen Victoria's reign, the publicist Walter Bagehot said in a famous passage:

"She could disband the Army (by law she can not engage more than a certain number of men, but she is not obliged to engage any men); she could dismiss all the officers, from the General Commanding-in-Chief downwards; she could dismiss all the sailors, too; she could sell off all our ships-of-war and all our naval stores; she could make a peace by the sacrifice of Cornwall and begin a war for the conquest of Brittany."

And that wasn't all. Continued Bagehot:

"She could make every citizen in the United Kingdom, male or female, a peer; she could make every parish in the United Kingdom a 'University'; she could dismiss most of the civil servants, and she could pardon all offenders. In a word, the Queen could by prerogative upset all the action of civil government within the Government; could disgrace the nation by a bad war or peace, and could, by disbanding our forces, whether land or sea, leave us defenseless against foreign nations."

But, apprized of her right, the Queen exclaimed:

"Oh, the wicked man, to write such a story! Surely my people do not believe him?"

She was caught between the letter and the spirit of the unwritten Constitution—a conflict so confusing that George III once snapped at a Minister who tried to explain it:

"None of your Scotch metaphysics, Dundas, none of your damned Scotch metaphysics!"

Title—For it is the Cabinet, rather than the sovereign, which exercises the powers that frightened Victoria. Tho the Monarch is head of the Army, the boys who went out to die for the King in 1914 really died for the Prime Minister, and thus, for every act of the Crown, some Minister is responsible.

Victoria herself had occasion to learn how little her authority over criminals amounted to, in the case of a burglar who gagged one of his victims. The woman was found dead next morning; her false teeth had strangled her.

Tho the criminal was convicted of murder, the Home Secretary commuted the sentence to penal servitude. The Queen in whose name the favor was granted protested futilely:

"I maintain that old ladies who wear false teeth are entitled to the protection of the law."

Her success as a ruler came not from her prerogatives, but from that fascinating character in which tact and stubbornness were so oddly blended. Aided by the dying Prince Consort, she eased the strain which had brought Britain and the United States close to war over the seizure of the Confederates Mason and Slidell from a British ship.

Again, she decided that shaving at sea was dangerous and her Navy need not be clean-shaven. The Navy Minister, contrary to the wishes of all the Admirals and nearly all the Lords of the Admiralty, backed her up. He gave the tars permission to wear a beard—"only it should be kept short and very clean," as Victoria specified. A little later she wrote:

"The Queen wishes to make one additional observation respecting the beards, *viz.*, that on no account should mustaches be allowed without beards."

Mustaches were for her Army.

The strong-minded old woman never realized that it is unconstitutional for a monarch to express publicly any opinion on State policy which contradicts the sentiments of the Cabinet. (Gladstone even reprimanded her for indiscreet private utterances.) The speech from the Throne with which the ruler opens Parliament is written by the Prime Minister.

Rights—The King retains the power to dismiss Ministers and to summon and dissolve Parliament. He may refuse his assent to a bill—but no British Monarch has dared to since Queen Anne in 1707, and she acted only because the Cabinet had changed its mind after the measure had passed. In an issue between the King and his official advisers he may dismiss the Cabinet and take the question to his subjects in a general election. Ultimately, however, the people, not the King, decide.

The King's approval must be won for

Pictures, Inc.

The Royal Family on the balcony of Buckingham Palace acknowledged the tribute of a tumultuous crowd: Queen Elizabeth, Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose and King George VI

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Curious subjects doggedly line the streets of London in a night-long vigil to be on hand for the morning's festivities

the marriage of members of the Royal Family under twenty-five. Those over that age must have his consent, or give a year's notice to the Privy Council. In the interim, Parliament, by a vote of both Houses, may prevent an unpopular marriage.

SNOW-BOUND: Andorra Perches and Shudders on Pyrenees as War Seethes in Spain

Spring's warm sun thawed the high Pyrenean passes last week. Andorra's* eight months' isolation from the outside world was over.

Also over was her security from the slop-over of the war boiling in Spain.

Wasting not a day, the twenty-four lean and wrinkled "Councilors" of the midget State dug their way through the last soggy drifts and, in soggy boots, scrambled seventy miles by foot and bus to the French foot-hill city of Perpignan.

There, to French Premier Léon Blum's nearest administrative official, the Prefect, Andorra's *General Syndic,*** Francis Cairat, handed a wallet stuffed with 960 French paper francs ($33).

"O Prince!" Cairat cried, and in ancient formula first spoken in 1278, he beseeched "the Prince" to guarantee the independence of "The Valleys and Suzerainties" (treaty name of Andorra) another year.

To the State dining-room the Prefect led the Councilors, sat them down to a banquet of mountain trout, truffled chicken, steaming roasts and white and red wines carefully chosen to enhance the flavor of the food. Worth many times the $33 "tribute" were the wines alone.

After a winter of mutton, the Andorrans smacked their lips over the French provincial chef's masterpieces as if they were food for gods.

Black, bitter coffee and burning brandy brought the final touch of supreme comfort. Then, to the beaming mountaineers the Prefect made his ritual speech. As "Co-Prince Protector" and in the name of France he reassured the Andorran Council that the ancient protection of their State would be continued.

Happily the Councilors took a motor-bus back to Mont Louis, whence they made the remaining twenty-five miles by foot and mule-back.

Far less enraptured, the French Prefect forgot all about Andorra. His immediate problem was what to do with forty-three Americans, the second batch within a month, arrested trying to cross the mountains to join the Spanish Loyalist Army in violation of the non-interventionist agreement. All forty-three Americans had passports as Spanish citizens. But they spoke only English and looked like college-boy tourists. The Prefect's job was to prove they were what they looked and sounded like, not what their identity papers said they were.

Back in their rocky bowl on top of the Pyrenean range, with the effects of the banquet wine thinned by time and altitude, *Syndic* Cairat and his colleagues felt less secure than when their feet were under the French Prefect's table.

To complete the terms of the ancient treaty which guaranteed their perpetual independence, they now should carry twelve goats'-milk cheeses, twelve chickens, six hams and Spanish money to the equivalent of $50 down the opposite side of the mountains to the Spanish Bishop of Urgel. That they could not do, for the Bishop of Urgel had fled.

Hard-eyed young Catalans (their own race) from Barcelona patrolled the foothills hunting aristocrats and clerical refugees; and a few stalked menacingly through the streets of Andorra's Capital.

Should the Catalans use the pretext that Andorra had not fulfilled the Spanish half of the ancient treaty, should Catalonia decide to occupy Andorra, would France really carry out her rôle as protector? Would France send soldiers in?

Andorrans won't know until it happens.

Birth—An unauthenticated version of the origin of the tiny State is that the valley's men helped Emperor Charlemagne beat back the Saracens in 777 and that, as a reward, and also because he liked buffer-States between him and his enemies, he let them stay free.

At any rate, they beat the Saracens and some one who knew his Bible compared the struggle to the battle of Endor, from which was derived the name Andorra.

By the thirteenth century, feudal lords on both sides were threatening to gobble up Andorra.

In 1278, the most powerful lord on the northern side of the mountains was the Count of Foix. With the Bishop of Urgel, nearest powerful figure south of the mountains, he signed a "*Pareage*" by which "The Valleys and Suzerainties" in return for the small tribute which the Andorrans still pay, should be autonomous.

The Bishops of Urgel have held their rights as "Co-Prince Protectors," tho Spain as a nation has no legal rights or obligations toward Andorra.

But the titles and properties of the Counts of Foix drifted, by marriages, into the hands of Henry IV, King of France. From Henry IV to Louis XVI every French King was "Co-Prince Protector."

When Louis XVI lost his head his obligations, powers and properties were seized by the French Revolutionists.

No Changes—Until the big boom of 1929, mule-paths were Andorra's only roads. Pasturing sheep, weaving a little home-spun, raising a little tobacco and barley and smuggling were its occupations. Modernity touched it not at all. In 1904, France and Spain had agreed to build a railroad up the passes, but the first rail never was laid.

But, in 1929, the modern world began to thunder at Andorra's gates. An International gambling syndicate tried to buy its way in, promising to make every one indecently rich by turning the valley into a second Monte Carlo.

High-pressure persuasion turned the placid Andorrans into factions of fighting bear-cats who nearly tore the little State apart. But something happened in the world outside after the passes were plugged with snow. The syndicate never came back.

Four years later came revolution. Since 1278 the vote had been limited to land-owners. Until 1933 a boy had to wait until his father died before he could vote. Then in April of that year the young men burst into the locked council-room and forced the Council to vote universal manhood suffrage, setting the next election for August.

So bitter was the campaign that the Council requested France to send soldiers to keep order. Spain shrieked that France was annexing Andorra, closed her side of the frontier, allowing nothing to pass but the mails. But the French troops staid until the election was over, then withdrew. Winter came and the passes were snowed up for eight months.

Schemes—With the earliest thaws of 1934, news burst upon the startled Andorrans that an American was offering $54,400 for their whole country. The Council held a

*Smallest State in Europe, vest-pocket feudal survival; miscalled a Republic; nested among high peaks between France and Spain; two-thirds the area of Greater New York; thirty villages and hamlets; 5,500 population; dates from Charlemagne's campaign against the Saracens in 777.

**Elected from the Council of twenty-four to be their head. Salary: $15 a year.

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Globe

Troubles stalk Andorra's bewildered Councilors as the world beats a path to their door

fevered session to reject the offer. The same year mysterious strangers made bewildering proposals for the use of the little country as headquarters for the Irish Sweepstakes. More high-pressure foreigners made incredible offers for water-power concessions.

In a State whose head is paid a salary of $15 a year, this talk of millions created permanent delirium.

One dream materialized. A motor-road, rocky, bumpy, but passable, was built up the Spanish side to the biggest notch in the bowl. A skeleton bus-service was opened.

With modernity thus crowding them, Andorrans established a police force of six, dressed them in snappy French uniforms, armed them with revolvers and thus joined the armaments race.

In July of last year civil war flamed at its worst in Catalonia just below Andorra. Hundreds of refugees, monks, priests and nuns among them, sought asylum: and their pursuers, tho they used no actual violence in Andorra, glowered forbiddingly as they stalked among the grim stone houses.

How much longer can the outer world be shut off? The Andorrans blink and shudder.

BOMBSHELLS: Spanish War Thunders On; Reporter Hints at Diplomatic Revelations

Spanish Rebels hammered at Bilbao.

At Madrid the warring Insurgent and Loyalist forces fought on in a bloody stalemate.

But at Valencia, Capital of the harassed Loyalists, the Popular Front Government took time out for a Cabinet crisis despite the pounding on all sectors of Gen. Francisco Franco's Moors, Foreign Legionnaires and Fascist allies from Italy and Germany.

Looking confident but drawn, an elderly man electrified Valencia when he announced last week that his Cabinet had resigned in order "to strengthen Loyalist unity." He was Premier Francisco Largo Caballero, ardent Socialist labor leader, who wants a war to the finish against the Rightists.

The fourth Cabinet head since the start of the war, of late he had encountered violent opposition from the Anarcho-Syndicalist wing of his Popular Front régime. The riots suppressed, Largo Caballero said he wanted a "win-the-war" Cabinet, with himself as Premier and Minister of a unified defense system.

Trouble—But both the Communists and Anarchists objected to making him National Defense Minister and opposed his efforts to retain the Agriculture portfolio. Paradoxically enough, the man who was once known as the "Spanish Lenin" is now at loggerheads with extreme radicals who resent his "moderation."

Front—Meanwhile, as the civil war entered its eleventh month, Spain's war-weary eyes were on Bilbao, beleaguered Capital of the Basques.

Altho, despite their lack of air-planes, the valiant Basques stayed the advance of Insurgent Gen. Emilio Mola's 75,000 Moors, Foreign Legionnaires and Italian Fascists, their plight remained sad.

The problem of feeding Bilbao continued acute, tho French and British vessels kept up their work of transporting non-combatants to France as Franco's German-made "blackbirds" continued to rain deadly projectiles on the defenseless city.

Too proud to ask for help from Valencia, Basques felt cheered when Catalans promised to attack the rear of their assailants and sent messages pledging their common fealty to the Popular Front Government.

At Madrid, Loyalist Gen. José Miaja discounted the fall of his Government's Cabinet and told correspondents:

"I am not a politician. As soldiers we are all anti-Fascists and will continue fighting until fascism is destroyed."

General Miaja also told the press that the Rebel defenders of University City and Casa de Campo, outside Madrid, seemed to be divided. One section, he said, was anxious to surrender, while the other was resolved to defy starvation and die.

Rebel guns kept up their intermittent shelling of Madrid, but Insurgent bombers dared not match their strength with the Loyalists' Russian-made *Chatos*.

In the midst of air-raids and its Cabinet crisis, Valencia teemed with rumors that the Government soon would explode a diplomatic bombshell despite the objection of the big Powers.

These reports concerned secret documents found in the files of former Monarchist leaders in Madrid. Purporting to reveal that as far back as three years ago General Franco had compacted with Mussolini to stage a revolt with the aid of Italian and German arms, the documents are now in Valencia.

TEST-TUBE: Pear-Shaped Little Uruguay Tries Social Experiments, Watches New Deal

Uruguay of the green *pampas* is one of South America's oldest laboratories for social experimentation.

Its people are proud, jealous of their independence and insistent on government for the good of the greatest number. And for years the Government's policy has been directed toward the socialization of industry. About $200,000 of public funds is invested in Government-owned railroads, telephone and telegraph systems, in the Bank of the Republic, the Institute of Fisheries and electric plants. Even alcohol is a Government monopoly.

All that appears not enough, for last week a soft-spoken Uruguayan slipped quietly into New York from Montevideo, Capital of the pear-shaped country sandwiched between Brazil and Argentina, bent on probing the secrets of American progress.

Pact-Seeker—Dr. Cesar Charlone, the self-made newspaper publisher, one-time Labor and now Finance Minister, cautiously let it be known that he was here to study New Deal methods and to bolster up his country's reviving prosperity through possible trade agreements with Washington.

Typifying Uruguay's new social order, Doctor Charlone rose from the ranks of labor and battered his way to prominence. Always he worked for better labor and social laws and stanchly stood behind President Gabriel Terra in enforcing a system of "directed economy" throughout the depression period.

While Doctor Charlone was trying to ferret out New Deal secrets in Washington, President Terra called his thirty-second Congress in session and proudly told his countrymen of his meeting with President Roosevelt last year and of his own faith in and admiration of New Deal methods.

But not all democratic Uruguayans agree with their sixty-four-year-old President. Extreme radicals and conservatives dub him a dictator, citing how three years ago he dissolved Congress, altered the Constitution and carved greater power for himself.

Fight—As candidate of the Battlista (left) wing of the Colorado (liberal) Party, Terra was first elected in 1930. Uruguay was then in the deepest throes of the depression, with labor unrest and Communist agitation threatening a civil war. Elected, he faced the fire of a disgruntled Blanco (conservative) Party which, through its

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control of the Senate, forced a ballot recount. Terra won out.

But strikes and labor troubles continued. For two years he wheedled and compromised, but found himself powerless as the Constitution hamstrung him by dividing the executive power with a National Administrative Council. Finding all efforts vain, the following year he cut the Gordian knot by demanding that either the Presidency or the Council be abolished.

The Council members flared up in anger and accused him of trying to set up a one-man tyranny. Cliques were formed and plots multiplied, threatening a civil war. Terra, however, stood his ground, heavily garrisoned his Capital and resolutely dissolved both Congress and the Council.

At first the courts declared his action unconstitutional, but Terra went ahead with his plans. A constitutional assembly was hastily created and work pushed for rewriting the Constitution. Meanwhile, he ruled with the aid of an advisory *Junta* (board) of eight, which he appointed.

Model—Once more Terra scored, when the Assembly devised the country's third Constitution in 1934. He was reelected for another four-year term. Uruguay was thereby given a parliamentary government fashioned chiefly after the French system, with one major exception. In France the whole Cabinet usually falls when any of its members is severely criticized by the public; in Uruguay, only the Minister who incurs a vote of no confidence is recalled.

Tho it greatly enlarged the President's powers, the new Constitution kept suffrage universal and compulsory and provided that three of the nine Cabinet officers must be selected from the minority party.

To allay public discontent the new laws amplified and stressed the former provisions for old age pension, child welfare, workmen's compensation, accident insurance, an eight-hour day, a six-day week and minimum wages. This vast program had to be financed by substantial contributions based on employees' salaries: 7½ per cent. by the Government, five per cent. by the employee, and six to nine per cent. by industrial and commercial employers, respectively.

Uruguayan workers are thus protected against accidents, illness, old age and unemployment, while the retirement age is set at fifty and unemployment compensation is kept up indefinitely. This gigantic project forces the Government to levy heavy inheritance taxes and to draw on its imports. Retired workers are even benefited by the vast housing projects which are being built with public funds.

Pictures, Inc.

President Gabriel Terra asserts his faith in President Roosevelt and the New Deal

Uruguay's Cesar Charlone confers with the President on the secret of New Deal success

One of the first Latin American countries to gain its independence, Uruguay was discovered by the Spanish navigator, Juan Diaz de Solis, in 1512. But the natives fought fiercely and threw out the invaders. It was not until sixty years later that the Jesuit missions helped the work of conquest by the Spaniards. Thenceforth Uruguay became the battle-ground of Spanish and Portuguese rivalries. In 1825, British intervention helped its patriots declare the country independent.

Five years later the new nation adopted a constitution modeled after that of the United States. It continued in force until 1917, when it was recast after the Swiss political system, only to be revised again in 1934.

Broad and liberal, all three constitutions advocated democratic rule. The last two went further and encouraged a campaign on illiteracy by introducing free and compulsory primary education. Schools sprang up everywhere and a first-class State university was founded at Montevideo. The educational system was amplified to provide training for defectives, for the arts and trades, for military and agricultural science, night classes for women and instruction in hospitalization and relief work.

People—Unlike other American States, Uruguay has practically no racial problem, for the aboriginal Guarani Indians are extinct and *mestizos* and Negroes form a very small element. Instead, the population is made up virtually of pure Spanish stock, with a goodly mixture of German, Italian and French blood.

Uruguayans generally refer to themselves as *Orientales* and the official name of the country is *Republica Oriental del Uruguay*. Like Japan, Uruguay is proudly hailed by its people as "the land of the rising sun."

The country is much favored by nature. It enjoys a delightful climate. Lush, sweet grass, on which cattle thrive, blankets its interminable prairies and stretches in emerald folds down its smiling valleys.

About the size of Nebraska, Uruguay is the smallest of South American Republics. It is primarily a grazing country, with 60 per cent. of its wealth derived from stock raising and only seven per cent. from agriculture. Meats, animal products, grains and high-grade wool form its principal exports, while its imports consist mostly of manufactured goods, gasoline and sugar. Great Britain is its best customer.

BIRTH-PANGS: Creating an Indian Federation Stirs Princes Who Want Old Powers

India—land of babel and political feud.

Tho Britain last week crowned a new King who is Emperor to the seething masses of the vast Indian Empire, the might of the British *Raj* is not so mighty as it once was to the Hindus and Moslems of this great Oriental domain.

London statesmen, working feverishly to keep their grip tight, face the dilemma of being large-hearted masters whose generosity their Indian subjects still deem enslaving.

Thus when, last April, the Government of India Act gave the swart people of the peninsula a Constitution, the All-India Nationalist Congress (a political Party, not a legislative body) reluctantly allowed its millions of followers to vote. Tho Congress extremists demanded full independence, moderates prevailed and the elections gave them a majority in six of the eleven Provinces of British India.

Encouraged, the Congress allowed its candidates to form ministries only if the Provincial Governors promised not to veto their constitutional legislation. But the British *Raj* refused to compromise, precipitating a deadlock.

Local Rulers—As deadlocked and as adamant last week were the more than 600

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princes of Indian native States—*rajas*, maharajas and *maharanees*—who consider themselves Britain's allies or dependents and whom Britain jealously protects. Representing old and medieval India's autocracies, these States dot the length and breadth of Hindustan with more than one-fifth of the Empire's total population of 336,000,000 Hindus, Moslems, Sikhs, Buddhists, Parsees, Rajputs, Jains, *etc.*

Last week, while Congress leader Jawaharlal Nehru and Mohandas Karamchad (former Mahatma) Gandhi stood their ground against the Governors' right of veto, the Chamber of Princes found the problem of federation just as puzzling and dangerous to their rule.

Fearing the growth of power among the masses, the princes held frequent consultations with the Marquess of Linlithgow, the Viceroy, and legal advisers to devise safeguards for their autonomous rights.

Most feared by the princes are the doctrines of the fiery Pundit Nehru, who advocates socialism for the Indian masses, incites the peasants and villagers against their *zamindar* landlords. Pundit Nehru wants complete independence from Britain, not only for the British Provinces but for the rest of India, thus undermining the princes' autocratic rule.

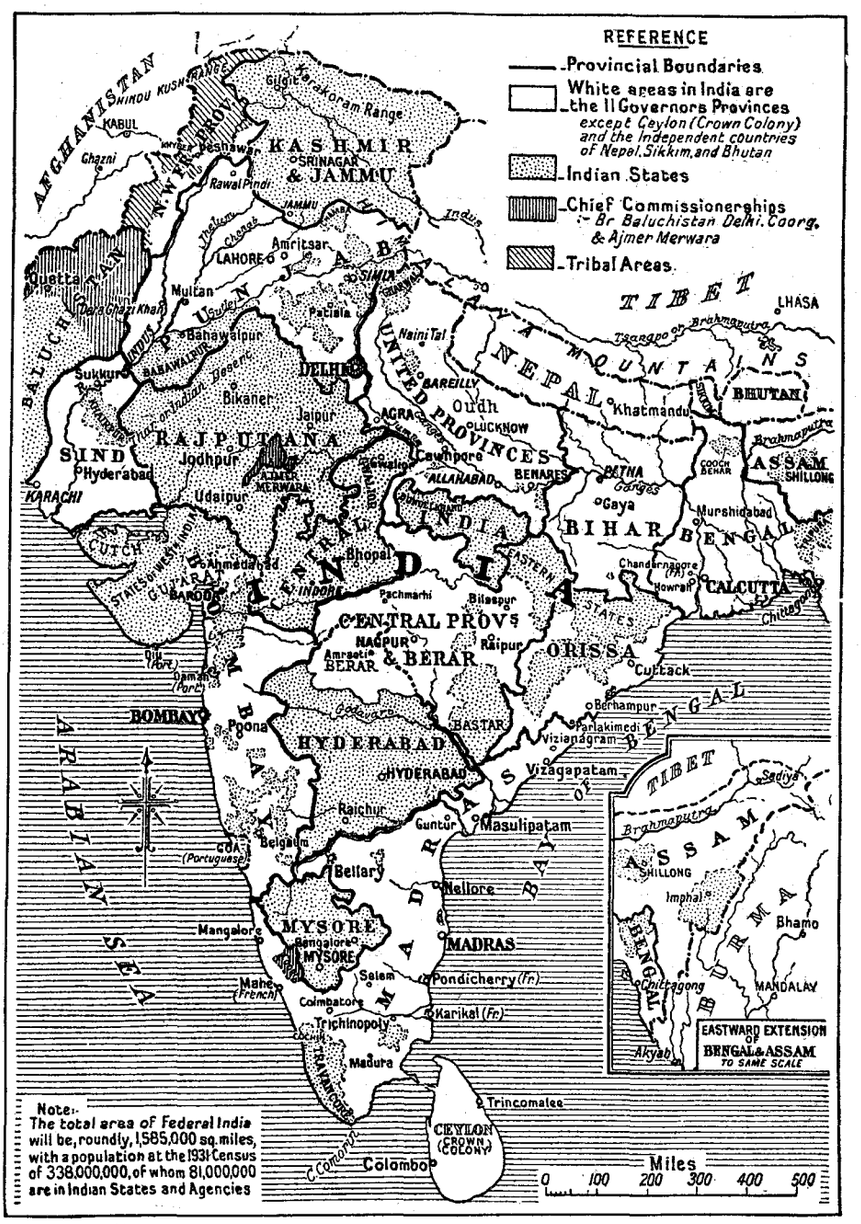
Might—When Britain passed the India Act two years ago, the loosely-knit Federation of Indian Princes won a disproportionately powerful voice in the Federal Legislature under the Constitution set up for both portions of the Indian Empire. Thus, in the lower House of Assembly they were allowed 125 out of the 375 seats, while in the upper Council of State they became entitled to 104 of the 250 delegates.

Sixteen years ago the formation of the Chamber of Princes was suggested, ostensibly to give the princes an opportunity to consult one another on problems of mutual interest and get the counsel of the Viceroy, who symbolizes Britain's sovereignty. Acceding, the native rulers asked the Crown not only to give them a voice in deciding on problems outside their States but also to bar nationalist hotheads from inflaming the masses in the name of democracy.

From Britain's standpoint that meant that India would be divided more hopelessly against itself and London more easily could divide and rule. English officials could glean the fruit of this division, while the Viceroy stood guard over Britain's "paramount" rights. The Indian States, sensing the coming nationalist trouble, desired that military defense remain in British hands, that financial matters be handled in such a way that their own States would not have to shoulder the British Provinces' deficits.

Assent—Britain accorded all their demands and so devised the Constitution that the princes' strength comprised 36 per cent. of the combined legislative bodies. For the rest, astute Britishers knew that the princes easily could swing a majority by forming blocs with members opposed to the Congress Party's platform, especially the Moslems who, for the most part, shun Pundit Nehru's ideas. Moreover, the Indian princes were entitled to hand-pick their representatives in the Legislature.

Alining themselves almost solidly with Britain, the princes also agreed that the "paramountcy" (of the Crown) should not be defined, thus leaving its scope horizon-wide. That meant that, in case of



Courtesy Times of London

Map showing the various domains of India's potentate princes

emergency, Britain would claim the full right to intervene in Indian affairs without pledging itself to forbear from infringing the rights granted by the new Constitution.

To clinch this prerogative, it was laid down that the Viceroy, to be known as Governor-General, retains the right of veto and may convene a joint session of the Federal Legislature to block dangerous nationalist bills.

As the Indian States vary in size from the mammoth possession of the Nizam of Hyderabad (14,000,000 inhabitants, 82,689 square miles) to that of the pigmy State of Bilbari (twenty-seven people on less than two square miles), rivalries and jealousies as to representation have disrupted the Chamber. The problem remains unsolved.

Meeting—Representing the grandeur and magnificence of dynastic India, the Chamber of Princes has for its Chancellor the Maharaja of Patiala, leader of the Federationist Party.

Elected eleven years ago, he convenes the Chamber once a year, generally in January or February, in New Delhi, where the princes maintain their own buildings and reception-halls.

First to be appointed Chancellor was the Maharaja of Bikanir, three years after King George V issued a proclamation assenting to the establishment of the Chamber.

Early this year, former General Sessions Justice William H. Wadhams of New York was reappointed legal adviser to the Chamber in the India Office, London. This came about after Justice Wadham's chance meeting with the Maharaja of Patiala at a Paris dinner, according to the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*. Quoting the former Justice's associate, Marley Hay, the newspaper states:

"There are millions of people in these States and they belong to 2,000 different castes and have half-a-dozen religions. The Government of India Act proposes the creation of a federation of all British Provinces and Indian native States, providing that such federation is approved by 52 per cent. majority vote.

"This attempt to create a federation is

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the most interesting since the creation of the Constitution in the United States."

Commenting on the hesitation of Indian princes to go whole-heartedly into the new experiment of federation, the Calcutta *Statesman* warns:

"Nothing can 'safeguard' the position of the Princes forever, as some of them would like to be safeguarded . . . British India is a unity, conscious of a common hope and destiny. Princely India is not a unity."

MORE BEGGARS: Ragamuffins in Tokyo Betoken Land of Rising Sun's Rising Prices

Through Tokyo's back alleys last week swarmed more than 70,000 *lumpen* (word adopted from German, meaning ragged fellow).

Almost hidden by huge bamboo baskets slung by shoulder-straps on their ragged backs, the *lumpen* scratched and dug in rubbish cans from dawn until dusk, then rushed with their harvest of rags, celluloid waste, old newspapers and scraps to junk-dealers.

Lucky ones who had turned up bits of lead and scrap-iron pocketed as much as thirty cents for the day's scavenging. More numerous were those whose earnings totaled a dime a day.

A new social class growing in Nippon's larger cities, the *lumpen* trouble long-mustached Premier Gen. Senjuro Hayashi more than the adverse popular vote of April 30, more than the rumblings of militant anti-Japanese sentiment in China.

From his barracks on the edges of Tokyo, Osaka, Nagasaki and every large city in the country, came reports that hordes of *lumpen* were hanging about the army kitchen doors waiting for the slim left-overs of regular army fare.

Most alarming was a report drawn up by the Fukagawa Ippakusha, one-night, free Tokyo municipal flop-house, which had questioned 450 of the *lumpen*.

The largest segment of the 450 comprised seventy former retail merchants driven from selling to scavenging by the hard times. Farmers driven from the land to trash-cans ran a close second with sixty-three. Third were factory workers, only thirty-four.

Among the rest were former government officials, clerks, salesmen, teachers, printers, cooks, barbers and carpenters. Of *coolies*, traditional lowest layer of Japanese society, only thirteen had been reduced to trash-can searching and flop-house lodging.

Fifteen of the 450 were university men. Only twenty-three were completely illiterate. Two hundred and fifty had completed the compulsory primary education. A hundred and twenty had more than the obligatory schooling.

Further study of the new *lumpen* class revealed that they were floaters, in and out of their trade as their fortunes varied, that in addition to their one-night stands at the Fukagawa Ippakusha they dragged their tired bones on rounds of twenty other free lodging-houses maintained by public and private subscription, and that those "in the money," those who had made maximum thirty-cent hauls, put up at the forty-eight other lodging-houses where mats on the floor could be had for from four to ten cents a night.

These latter magnates of the *lumpen* trade also deserted the army kitchen doors to crowd the chain of public dining-halls erected after the 1923 earthquake. There they eat plainly but well for nine to thirteen cents a day.

To "increasing living costs" Hayashi's experts attributed the multiplication of amateur scavengers. They produced index-figures showing that wholesale prices had risen 25 per cent. in the past year; housewives insisted that the cost of living had leaped a fifth in the past two months.

Idea—No economist himself, the old General resorted to one of the oldest and most thoroughly exploded tricks of troubled statesmanship. He called a Cabinet meeting; and at its adjournment named a committee of twenty-eight of the nation's top-of-the-basket bankers, industrialists, business men. He told them to meet with him May 18 in his bomb-proof, burglar-trap official residence (LITERARY DIGEST, March 20) with a plan to get prices down.

"Big names" bristled on the committee. At the top of the list were Seihin Ikeda, former Mitsui chief, now Governor of the Bank of Japan, and Kenji Kodama, President of the Yokohama Specie Bank, either of whom in Japan would outrank a Morgan or a Rockefeller.

Tokyo Americans reminded one another of the conferences of big business men at the White House in 1929.

On record in advance of the first conference was Finance Minister Toyotaro Yuki with an opinion that only by increasing production to a point at which it equaled or exceeded the demand could living costs be lowered.

Scoffers snorted at Yuki. They declared that Japan's industrial production depended on imported raw materials, and that an increased demand for them would drive prices up.

"The only way to get living costs down," they said, "is to have a bumper rice crop."

As for that, farmers always try for a bumper rice crop. Whether they get it or not is a gamble with the weather.

Suggestion—The second blunder of the Minister of Finance, in the view of many, was his statement that "army cooperation is essential." Here he was playing with fire and hydrogen. To the big military budget and the necessity of issuing "red-ink bonds" to meet the deficit, he attributed the threatened price-inflation. And "cooperation" meant acceptance by the army of a cut in its expenses.

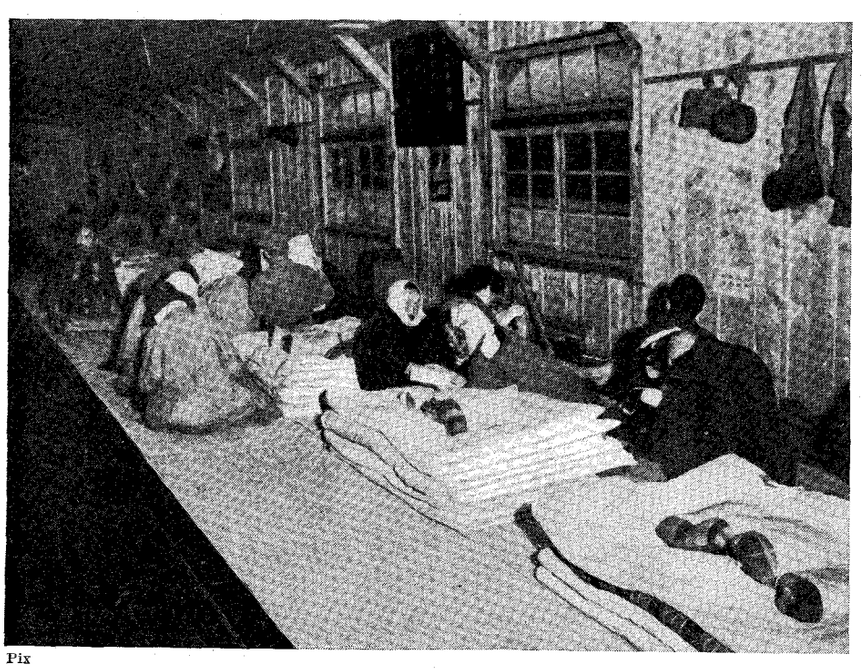
Far more likely is Mount Fujiyama to stand on its head.

Meanwhile, Nippon's exporters are fuming at the April fool package handed them the first of last month in the doubling of rates for first class mail and parcel post in the foreign mails. Domestic postage was increased a third.

Jubilant over the Premier's difficulties was the newly elected Diet, overwhelmingly anti-Hayashi* and planning to drive him out of office when it meets in August.

But the grim old General intends, his friends say, to dissolve the Diet again and force another election if the members oppose him. Elections cost money. A new one, before the professional politicians have had time to reimburse themselves for the last one, is expected to drive most professionals into other careers.

*The government won only 14 out of 465 seats.



Pix

Four to ten cents a night provides a bed for Japan's impoverished "lumpen"

FOREIGN FLASHES

Puebla, Mexico—Celebration here of Mexico's victory over the armies of France's Napoleon III in 1862 ended in a new battle over the respective excellence of Mexico's leaders against the French. Students championed Ignacio Zaragoza; peasants, Porfirio Diaz. Peasants killed three students. Students killed one peasant, wounded four.

* * *

Istanbul, Turkey—Kemâl Atatürk led all purchasers of American military air-planes in April at a cost of $1,904,551. Bad second was Chiang Kai-shek of China. His April war-planes cost $452,446. Third was Brazil, with $246,707. Total April sales by America to all foreign countries were $4,096,714.

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WARNINGS FOR SUN-TAN WORSHIPERS

Blondes Burn Most Quickly; Beware of Blisters and Sunstroke

To burn or not to burn: That is the cosmetic question which plunges sun-bathers and beach-lollers into a peck of trouble about this time of year.

Coming out from well-clothed winter hibernation, the unwary heliophant is all too likely to greet the warm spring sun with a wild whoop, shuck his clothes for a bathing-suit and plop himself down on a sandy beach to get an afternoon's layer of sun-tan.

What he is all too likely to get is a blistering reminder that he has lazed not wisely, but too well. Each Memorial day brings its army of sunburn victims *trekking* to the drug stores, glowing with a lobster-like radiance and plucking vaguely at stray wisps of peeling skin, crying for ointments to take the sting out of their indiscretion.

Others, less fortunate, moan in bed and wisely call a doctor. For sunburn exhibits the destructive reaction of any burn; toxins are poured into the system and the severely sunburned person requires more than local treatment, for he is likely to be very sick.

All of this is highly unnecessary if a common-sense respect for the long-distance scorching abilities of the sun is exhibited.

Differences—Not all people burn, so to speak, at the same rate. A blonde with creamy skin may take on a solar glow after five or ten minutes of exposure to intense sunlight, while her brunette sister with a well-pigmented epidermis enjoys relative immunity. A thick coat of tan is simply nature's method of preventing skin damage from sunburn. Many individuals, such as the olive-skinned, are born with a prefabricated tan which spares them the worst horrors of sunburn, but also makes it necessary to expose themselves longer if sunlight is to benefit them.

Many thin-skinned people never tan at all, but burst out in a rash of freckles or lose their skin layer by layer if they try to achieve a fashionable bronze. For them the least painful way to acquire sun-tan is to dip it out of a bottle. Science calls them heliophobes and there just isn't any way of their coming to diplomatic agreement with the sun except through the use of parasols or *sombreros*.

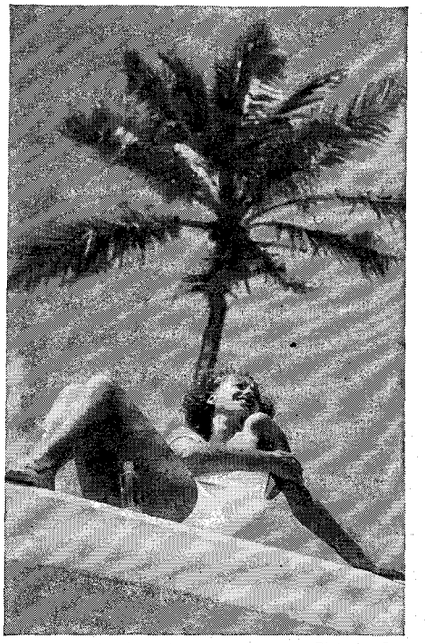
Dosage—Preparations such as olive-oil, or olive-oil and vinegar, rubbed over the skin preparatory to a sun-bath, tend to exclude some of the burning rays and confer a limited immunity. General advice of health experts is that sun-tan be acquired in small doses, beginning with five-minute intervals and lengthening the time gradually as the skin becomes accustomed to the sun's rays. An intense sunburn is not only painful, but confers no benefit whatever on the patient. The theory that if a little sunshine is good, a lot of it must be better, is roundly discredited. A skin dotted with water-blisters is in no condition to transmute sunlight into vitamin D.

In case of severe sunburn, cover the burn with a thin paste of baking-soda, starch or flour, made by adding water to the substances. Petroleum jelly, olive-oil, white of egg, lard or cream also may be used for smearing the burn.

Follow this up with a dressing of the same material, or use equal parts of lime-water and olive-oil.

Blisters indicate that the patient is likely to be very, very sick. As a general rule, blisters should not be opened. If they are, the job should be carefully done to protect the layer of new skin forming underneath. Plenty of water, light meals and a long stay in bed are in order. Circulation must be stimulated and burn-poisons eliminated, which requires the advice of a doctor.

For less severe burns, boric acid ointment, or a mixture of equal parts of linseed-oil and lime-water, soothe and heal inflamed skin. Pure olive-oil also is of some value.



Pictures, Inc.

Despite lubrication and palm-tree shade, ultraviolet-rays inflict a tan

That sunburn can be something more serious than a superficial ailment can be proved by holding up the hand to strong sunlight and observing the pinkness of the fingers where light penetrates the flesh

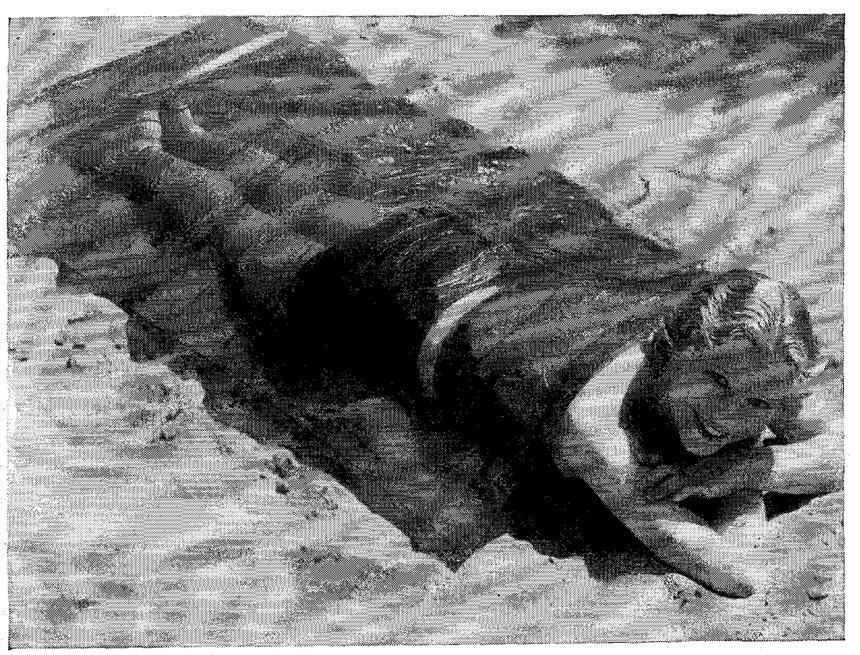
The ultraviolet-rays of sunlight are highly germicidal. During the War it was discovered that many deep-seated wounds which refused to heal under dressings did very well when exposed to sunshine. Germs curl up and die under the battery of the sun's rays.

The warm light dilates the blood-vessels of the skin and gives the feeling of exhilaration imparted by a brisk shower-bath. Also, according to some authorities, sunshine hastens the formation of hemoglobin, the red coloring-matter of the blood. But the principal value of sunlight is its action on the ergosterol of the skin to manufacture vitamin D.

Lack of this vitamin leads to rickets in babies, hence the importance of sun-baths to infants. Babies, like adults, should work up to a healthy tan in easy stages. Exposure should be regular; occasional, sporadic sun-baths may be harmful since they are more likely to be intense enough to cause sunburn or even sunstroke. If the windows are raised to permit sunshine to stream in unobstructed, baby can get a good sun-bath indoors. If the weather is too windy, stretch a sheet of cellophane over the window opening; this cheap substance transmits the therapeutic rays very well.

Substitutes—Sun-baths can be taken in other ways than by direct exposure to the sun. Sky-shine is quite effective and never causes a case of sunburn. A shaded outdoor corner of a building, with no roof overhead, is rich in ultraviolet-rays deflected by the atmosphere. Sunshine can be reflected with a loss of very little of its burning qualities, as every fisherman who has acquired a blistered face, even tho protected by a broad-brimmed hat, is well aware.

Sunstroke is a by-product of sunshine



Acme

Actress June Clyde takes on a painless tan under a specially-dyed cellophane blanket

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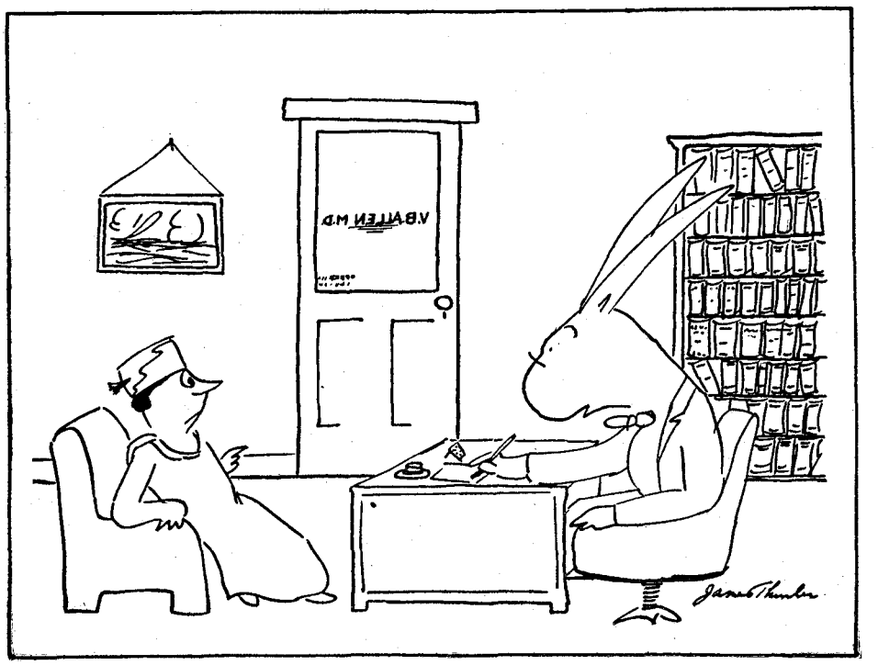
which usually is more respected than sunburn because its effects are immediate and critical. Usually produced by the direct action of sunlight on the head, sunstroke is a state of unconsciousness which must be quickly treated by a doctor. Forty per cent. of all sunstroke cases result in death within twenty-four or thirty-six hours. Midday is the critical time for sunstroke. Authorities say, "Wear a hat and avoid the direct rays of the sun."

Young men who shed their hats in the summer time, thinking that sunshine will benefit hair growth, probably are not laying themselves open to sunstroke, which usually strikes at elderly people not in the best of physical condition. On the other hand, the young men probably aren't giving their hair any benefit either, for extreme sunlight tends to dry the hair and make it brittle.

On the whole, the advice of sun-wise tropical residents seems to be summed up in the popular song, "Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun."



"YOU SAID A MOMENT AGO THAT EVERYBODY YOU LOOK AT SEEMS TO BE A RABBIT. NOW JUST WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT, MRS. SPRAGUE?"

—By Thurber in The New Yorker

SICK BRAINS: Psychiatrists Study Mental Disorders That Afflict Thousands of Americans

Last night, 52 per cent. of all the hospital beds in the country were occupied by victims of mental disease.

To-day, 500,000 mental sufferers are locked behind the doors of 400 State and city institutions.

To-morrow, 1,000,000 children will flock to their little red schoolhouses unaware that they are destined to suffer a mental breakdown at some period of their lives.

This year 125,000 persons will become mentally sick, costing United States taxpayers $1,000,000 a day.

In New York City, 505 out of each 100,000 persons are mentally unwell.

Declaring that "mental hygiene is the most backward, and potentially the most fruitful field in medicine to-day," the Rockefeller Foundation last year poured $2,000,000 into researches on diseases of the mind.

Convention—These disturbing, shocking, cold-blooded statistics gave point last week to the ninety-third annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association at Pittsburgh. Two thousand specialists in nervous and mental diseases converged on the Hotel William Penn and devoted a six-day session to discussion of 100 papers probing into the dimness of shadowed minds. Aware that the lay public regards mental illness as something the other fellow has, specialists wasted little time in clanging the tocsin and realistically exchanged notes on the latest kinks in mental therapy.

The outstanding problem of psychiatry is dementia præcox, also called schizophrenia and sometimes adolescent insanity from its habit of developing in early life. Schizophrenia means split personality; not a *Jekyll* and *Hyde* schism, but the sundering of the emotions from the intellect. Characteristic symptoms are loss of interest, dulness, seclusiveness, indifference and gradual deterioration which may culminate in a purely vegetative existence.

Schizophrenia is by far the most common of mental ailments; it has been estimated that it accounts for 60 per cent. of mental-hospital patients. No one knows what causes it. Examination of the brains of victims usually shows them to be physically unimpaired. Between 30,000 and 40,000 persons come under the schizophrenic shadow every year. About a third of them recover.

Cure?—Most startling psychiatric development during the past year has been the insulin-shock treatment for schizophrenia. A specific for this mental illness would be relatively as important as a cure for heart-disease, cancer and pneumonia in the field of general medicine. Widely but inaccurately heralded as a positive cure for a previously incurable disease, insulin shock has been the subject of feverish experiment in leading mental hospitals. Last week's convention had an opportunity to evaluate results: Insulin shock is not a cure for all cases of dementia præcox, but may win its place as a useful form of treatment for the disease.

In 1933, Dr. Manfred Sakel of Vienna began experimenting with the injection of insulin into dementia præcox victims. Insulin is the hormone of the pancreas whose deficiency causes diabetes. Just how massive doses of insulin are sometimes able to club sick brains into a state of health is not completely understood, even by experts who obtain results with the method. But the amazing cures effected by Sakel, in some cases, led to experiments with the treatment in the United States.

Insulin-shock therapy is relatively simple. The first step is to determine the shock dose—the quantity required to produce a marked effect on the brain. The arms and legs jerk and twitch, perspiration breaks out, breathing becomes hard and the nervous system reacts so violently that some patients must be strait-jacketed.

Method—The patient gets his insulin shock before breakfast every day, six days a week. He spends the morning kicking, squirming and thrashing about. At noon sugar or glucose, which counteracts the insulin shock as effectively as turning off a switch, is fed to him. The patient comes out of his miseries with a raging appetite and apparently in normal possession of his faculties. Treatment is repeated for three months. Some cases fail to show improvement until the end of the third month; others respond almost immediately. Doctors want to believe in the wide-spread usefulness of insulin-shock therapy, but are waiting non-committally until enough case-histories accumulate.

Epilepsy is a mental illness which costs the nation $12,000,000 a year for institutional care, is the more dreaded because it is one of the mystery afflictions of mankind. More than 500,000 Americans suffer from it, as many as the victims of diabetes or active tuberculosis. Most feared by the epileptic are the fits or seizures which come on without warning, fling the victim to the ground in convulsive, mouth-foaming spasms, often cause him to chew his tongue raw unless he can insert a biting stick between his teeth.

Brain-wave records (charts of the minute electric currents generated in the cortex of the brain) indicate that the normal rhythm of the brain's electrical activity takes a terrific trouncing during an epileptic seizure. Dr. William G. Lennox of Harvard Medical School, top-hole expert on epilepsy, told the convention that what is needed to prevent the dreaded fits is something to stabilize the rate of the brain's activity. This might be done by changing the body chemistry, as, for instance, by increasing the amount of carbon dioxid in the exhaled breath of the patient. More startling to his audience was Doctor Lennox' suggestion that epilepsy can be eliminated if science will only show how to change the chemistry of the genes, the cargo-carriers of heredity for epilepsy and other qualities.

Scheme—"There is evidence that genes are chemical substances, perhaps a single large organic molecule," Doctor Lennox said. "In the end, we must eliminate this molecule or learn to alter its chemical structure. It is a tantalizing thought that the replacement of, say, a potassium for a sodium ion on a certain molecule, the total bulk of which for all persons living would

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not be larger than a mustard-seed, would eliminate epilepsy from the race."

There is no way known to science of changing the chemistry of so small a unit of the body as the gene. No scientist, in fact, has seen a gene. It is so infinitesimal that its very existence, like that of the electron, has been postulated to explain facts which could be answered in no other way. Genes have been mutilated successfully by X-ray treatment, but such a method offers no hope of controlling end-results.

The electroencephalogram, or brain-wave chart, is a comparatively new tool of psychiatry.

Electrodes clamped to the outside of the human head measure the electric potential of the brain in terms of millionths of a volt. The current generated by a nerve-impulse lasts about a thousandth of a second, is insignificant in voltage, but proves that every human being has a mysterious sort of electric dynamo inside his skull.

Discoveries—Other convention high lights: Swindlers and confidence men often are foppish, fashionably dressed, even effeminate, Drs. Walter Bromberg and Sylvan Keiser reported after making a psychological study of swindlers in New York's Court of General Sessions. The swindler is psychologically akin to the seducer, stimulating the fantasy of victims by offering an outlet for wishes known to be illicit.

Excessive use of bromids and barbiturate drugs, sold without restriction in most States, can lead to mental symptoms requiring hospital care, Dr. Frank J. Curran warned. Barbiturates such as luminal and veronal are cumulative in their effects on the body, should be used cautiously.

Dr. Stuart N. Rowe of Pittsburgh reported the case of a woman who had the entire right hemisphere of her brain removed, now lives with half a brain, her personality unaffected except for slight impairment of memory and mild emotional instability.

Abrupt withdrawal of drugs is all that is necessary to cure the average narcotic addict, Drs. Lawrence Kolb and C. K. Himmelsbach of the U. S. Public Health Service reported. In severe addiction, however, abrupt withdrawal is cruel, dangerous and unnecessary.

Chronic criminals aren't necessarily mentally defective; most of them merely display traits of acquisitiveness common to humanity, Dr. Charles B. Thompson concluded after studying 1,400 repeater criminals.

He found 89 per cent. of them mentally normal.

BOOKS TALK: Records Carry Blind "Readers" Through Novels and Poetry Without Braille

Reading is fast becoming a favorite relaxation of the blind.

Seventy-five per cent. of the nation's 120,000 sightless citizens never have learned how to read braille, the system of raised-dot printing for the blind. To them the fascinating world of literature was closed until science showed them how to read with the ears instead of with the eyes.

Courtesy American Foundation for the Blind

William Beebe records his adventures in a Talking Book for blind posterity

Through the Talking Book, a blind man can dip into literature with an ease to be envied by his sighted brother who must scan the printed page.

The Talking Book actually is not a book at all, but a special type of slow-playing phonograph-record which reads a book aloud to its auditor, often in the voice of the author, transporting story-telling back to its beginnings as a purely verbal art. This month the American Foundation for the Blind reports 16,000 Talking Book machines in use, hundreds more being manufactured for sale at cost by 300 blind WPA workers. Records also can be played on late model phonographs which can be slowed down to thirty-three revolutions a minute.

From the nearest of twenty-seven public libraries scattered through the country the blind reader can make his selection of 200 books thus far recorded and receive the records postage free through the mails. All he needs to do is to place the records in his reading-machine and sit back to listen to the persuasive voice of Alexander Woollcott giving vocal nuance to his best-seller, "While Rome Burns," to Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars's narrating the "Thrills of a Naturalist's Quest," to Dame Sybil Thorndike, Stephen Vincent Benét, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick and dozens of other well-known figures.

No Cinch — Making the recordings on twelve-inch Vitrolak records isn't a snap job. Talking Book records run for sixteen minutes; the average novel requires from twelve to fourteen records and runs for seven hours.

Titles are chosen by a committee of the Library of Congress, which sponsors the Talking Book.

The recorder, be he author or hired voice, sits at a desk facing a microphone. Close to his hand is a set of push-buttons for turning off the mechanism if he has to cough, swallow or clear his throat. Not a single error in the disk is tolerated; the reader must run on for sixteen minutes without a noticeable pause or a single tongue-slip. Temperament bursts into pyrotechnics at times when a tiny error in the final announcement makes it necessary to do the entire sixteen-minute stretch over again. In the control-room one engineer works the dials, another follows the script word for word to catch any verbal flip-flops.

Talking Book patrons have their favorite readers. Most popular of all, according to his fan-mail, is John Knight, radio announcer. Velvet quality, changing inflections and even pace are sought-after qualities. Alwyn Bach and Fred Utell, also radio announcers, have talked numerous books into twelve-inch records. When authors themselves do not record their books, trained radio and stage actors are used for their superior ability to set a reading pace and maintain it.

Material—Novels, plays, short stories, essays, poetry and educational subjects are "published" at the rate of fifty-five recordings a week. Fiction is the most popular; such novels as "Riders of the Purple Sage," "Two Years Before the Mast," "The Sea Hawk," and "Lost Horizon" are way out in front.

Plays are recorded not by a single reader but by an entire cast.

Starting four years ago on an experimental basis, sponsors soon discovered that they would have to develop special machinery and special records. They hit on a plastic called Vitrolak, light and flexible, to make records suitable for the slowly revolving turntable of an electric reading-machine.

These machines are as portable as a suitcase and when blind customers are unable to buy them, the WPA project arranges to lend an instrument. The Carnegie Foundation and private individuals contribute funds for the work.

"Magnificent Obsession" runs to fourteen two-sided records; "Very Good, Jeeves," sixteen; "Lost Horizon," eleven, while "Woman in White" by Wilkie Collins comes in twenty-six records which give a solid fourteen hours of "reading." Margaret Mitchell's thousand-page best-seller, "Gone With the Wind," hasn't been tackled yet. Talking Book sponsors are just a little dismayed by the idea.

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CLERIC'S CLINIC FOR HAPPY MARRIAGE

Detroit Rector Asks Couples to See Him, Not Go to Court

As in other religious denominations, the Protestant Episcopal Church long has been beset by the problem of marital conflict among communicants. Lately, it has watched the oft-inevitable corollary, divorce, create a major canonical problem for its elder councils.*

To many a young and liberal mind among the clergy, solution of the whole question lies in a realistic evaluation of the first principles of marriage itself. A month ago, for example, the Rev. Frederic C. Lawrence of St. Peter's Church, Cambridge, Massachusetts, devised a list of twenty-eight questions for prospective newlyweds to answer before taking the "irrevocable step" (LITERARY DIGEST, April 24). Others are giving straight-from-the-shoulder counsel to young couples in both pulpit and parish study.

Last week, the Rev. Gilbert Appelhof, Jr., Rector of St. Thomas's Episcopal Church in Detroit's West Side, announced that he would carry such forthright activity to its ultimate conclusion: a marriage clinic, probably the first of its kind in the nation to be set up by a church.

Career—Himself a happy family head, the Rev. Mr. Appelhof, thirty-eight, a strapping athlete and father of two children—five and one years old—reached St. Thomas's by way of the University of Michigan and the Theological Seminary in Virginia, near Alexandria, with pastoral stop-overs at Ferndale and Jackson, Michigan, and St. Mary's Episcopal Church in Detroit.

Ten years in the ministry have shown him, he says, that the major problem before the American public is laying the groundwork for successful marriage. His theory, arrived at after exhaustive study, is that marriage needs a clinic just as much as health. He believes that if the causes of failure are investigated and removed, the effect will disappear. His purpose, therefore, is to open such a service for parishioners and others next fall.

The clinic will take the form of lectures at two Y.M.C.A.'s, to be supplemented by private counsel. The chief aims will be to provide advice to those contemplating matrimony and to help married persons solve marital tangles. Assisting in the work will be several physicians, social workers and budget experts.

The program at the clinic will be divided into three sections—lectures to the married, lectures to those contemplating marriage and lectures to mixed groups of married and unmarried. By canvassing his audiences for problems, the Rev. Mr. Appelhof feels he will be able to set forth means of solving them without divulging names and conditions. For those who prefer and need it, he will hold private talks.

Results—To reach definite conclusions, the Rev. Mr. Appelhof has prepared two sets of charts on which he will record details of the lives of married or unmarried couples.

One of these is a "Marriage Evaluation" chart (see box), which touches upon a wide range of human conduct and character, with check-ups from childhood through to maturity and cross-references to parental influences and reactions. The other is a sixty-nine-item questionnaire called a "Premarital Contrast" chart, to be filled out by bride and bridegroom. Questions are:

1. Age.
2. Length of engagement.
3. How and where met?
4. Educational background.
5. Special training (trade).
6. Religious views.
7. Religion of parents: (a) mother, (b) father.
8. Nationality of father, mother.
9. Club affiliations.
10. General health at present.
11. Been operated upon?
12. Any serious sickness?
13. Do you carry insurance?
14. Eugenic history.
15. Mental level (grades in school, average).
16. Emotional stability (as shown by interview).
17. Occupational history.
18. Occupation of parents.
19. Do parents live together?
20. Knowledge of family of fiancé.
21. Attitude toward fiancé's family.
22. Attitude toward your own brothers and sisters.
23. Attitude toward parents.
24. Number of brothers, *etc.*
25. Rank among children.
26. Parental attachments.
27. Do parents approve your marriage?
28. If disapproval, why?
29. Are your parents happy?
30. Where do parents live?
31. How do you spend most of your leisure time?
32. What will your income be?
33. Will your wife work?
34. What savings have you?
35. Have you any debts?
36. Do you think you can manage on one (not two) income?
37. Your plans *re* money.
38. Economic responsibility.
39. Agreement as to children.
40. Agreement as to size of family.
41. Do you want instruction *re* birth control?
42. Money pattern of parents.
43. Personal habits you dislike about each other.
44. Do you smoke? How much?
45. Do you drink? How much?
46. Personal appearance of both.
47. Recreational interests and hobbies.
48. Things you like to do together.
49. Interest in art, music, drama, *etc.*
50. Primary interest in things, or people.
51. Background of sex attitudes and relations.
52. Have you read anything on sexual harmony?
53. Have parents been helpful in sex instruction?
54. Educational attainments of parents: (a) mother, (b) father.
55. What ultimate aims have you for your marriage?
56. What do you like most about your fiancé?
57. Premarital relations.
58. What is your greatest ambition in life?
59. What have you read in preparation for marriage?
60. What kind of instruction have you found helpful?
61. Attitudes and relations with opposite sex during engagement.
62. Attitudes and relations with opposite sex after marriage.
63. Unusual crises in life to date.
64. Type of wedding planned.
65. Will you wish a rehearsal?
66. Do you wish music?
67. Where will you live after marriage?
68. Where will you attend church after marriage?
69. Would you like to know more about the Episcopal Church and its work?

Marriage Evaluation Chart

This is a part of a sample chart to evaluate marriage. As filled out by the Rev. Gilbert Appelhof, Jr., it represents an index of an average American family to normal chances of domestic bliss.

Mr. Average American: birth date Jan. 1, 1900
Mrs. Average American: birth date Jan. 1, 1903
Occupation of husband: business.
Approximate income, $1,800.
Occupation of wife: housewife.
Approximate income, X.
Date of marriage: May 15, 1925.
Number of children: two. Ages, 8 & 5.
Attitude toward having children:
(Grade 1-2-3-4: 1—yes; 4—no)
Wife's Grade-2
Husband's Grade-1

State approximate agreement on following items:

	Always Agree	Almost Always Agree	Occas. Disagree	Frequently Disagree	Almost Always Disagree	Always Disagree
					*	*
Handling of finances:			X			
Matters of recreation:			X			
Religious matters:				X		
Friends:		X				
Relations:			X			
Intimate relations:				X		
Child care & discipline:		X				
Table manners:	X					
Philosophy of life:			X			
Things that are funny:		X				
Ambitions & future plans:		X				
Moral code:		X				
Wife working:			X			
Personal habits:			X			

*The Rev. Mr. Appelhof declines to generalize on last two columns in absence of sufficient clinical data.

Tho the couples themselves are not able to diagnose their failures, these charts are calculated to be so inclusive that the Rev. Mr. Appelhof can see the trouble clearly after a searching investigation into home and family life, physical and mental characteristics, educational backgrounds, likes and dislikes, *etc.*

Reasons—In working out his charts, the Rev. Mr. Appelhof listed five distinct reasons for marriage failure:

1. Failure of the parties to be adjusted physically.
2. Lack of common interests, because there must be something to hold the interest after the physical attraction wears off.
3. Improper training for physical relationships.
4. Differences in religion.
5. Childless marriages.

Young couples, the minister holds, should know each other at least six months before considering matrimony. He believes the preferred age for matrimony is twenty-two for the girl, twenty-five for the man. His advice is to avoid wide differences in age, to which he adds:

"Keep away from in-laws, even if you must live in a 'nutshell.'"

In the Rector's opinion, youth to-day has not prepared itself economically for marriage success; but he thinks finances are not so important if all other pitfalls can be weathered successfully.

Obstacles—Pitfalls likely to befall married couples, according to the Rev. Mr. Appelhof:

1. Rocks and shoals before marriage which should be charted in order to avoid them.
2. Failure of bride and bridegroom to get the real conception of the nature of marriage before the ceremony, usually finding out the truth too late.
3. Lack of home training, with parental discord lending improper instruction to prospective newlyweds.
4. Hasty marriage, regarded as almost a certain shoal for the marriage bark. (The Rev. Mr. Appelhof suggests: Study a prospective mate like you would an automobile before buying it.)
5. Misuse of love before marriage, causing unhappiness and failure after marriage.

An important part of the clinical service will be counsel on how to choose a mate. Here are the Detroit Rector's tips in advance:

For the Bride—Appearance, virility and

*Currently, fifteen clergymen are circularizing 160 bishops and 6,200 priests of the Communion to kill at the Church's next triennial General Conference in October a movement to permit marriage after divorce. Last week they had garnered 1,100 indorsements. (At present, the Church permits, only under certain conditions, remarriage of the innocent party to a divorce.)

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health of the bridegroom; do you react to his presence; have you bared his thoughts; is his company congenial; do you know his friends and relatives; have you checked his disposition and temper; is he sympathetic and does he come from good stock; is he friendly; are your interests in common; is he educated and cultured; do you know anything of his morals; what is his sense of humor, integrity, tolerance and indulgence?

For the Bridegroom—Be sure the girl is attractive, has good health, is of or near the same age, has a good reputation, character and is easy to get along with, is vivacious and fun-loving, is adaptable to new situations, has a similar educational and cultural background, is a good housekeeper, dresses in taste and within your income, is willing to have children, knows how to cook and will love you more than any other person, including her parents.

The Rev. Mr. Appelhof says it is too early to estimate what results his clinic will have, but he believes that it will bring to him, instead of to divorce courts, couples who find marriage headed for the rocks.

Crime

TURNED LOOSE: Convicts Cost $500 Annually in Prison, $50 as Supervised Parolees

Parole—"National scandal" or enlightened penology?

J. Edgar Hoover, boss G man, started the controversy flaming again last week by declaring that too often it was the former.

"I am a firm believer in the principle of parole," said the square-jawed Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, "but I have said before and say now that . . . parole systems in all too many of our States approach a national scandal."

Naming no names, he declared "interested persons" were seeking to muddle the public mind on parole.

Coincidentally with Mr. Hoover's statement, Department of Justice officials declared a WPA-financed study of paroles, ordered months ago by Attorney General Homer S. Cummings, was being rushed and would be finished by June 30.

Parole, as an integral part of the penological system, is under fire to-day as never before. Head-lines blazon parolees' falls from grace, editorials cry for reformation.

Misinformation—So far-reaching is the parole problem that, despite the nation-wide shouts for reform, there is wide-spread ignorance of what parole actually is—ignorance not only on the part of the public, but in editorial sanctums, among police officials, even on the bench.

Every time a parolee commits a crime, the fact that he is on parole from prison is blazoned to the world. The cases of many thousands of paroled prisoners who never come into conflict with the law are buried in annual reports.

However, there is another side to the picture, less pleasing. Many States have parole laws, make virtually no provision whatever for supervision and control of the paroled man.

Inadequacy of supervision over paroled prisoners in many States is shown clearly by replies sent to the Prison Association of New York by 133 prisons in all parts of the country.

Forty-two of these had no parole officers whatever for a total of 12,182 parolees, thirty-six had a total of thirty-six officers to supervise 8,566 parolees, fourteen had twenty-eight officers for 2,407 paroled men. The other replies followed this general line. The totals showed that for these 133 institutions 191 parole officers were expected to supervise 46,613 men, or a case-load of 244 for each officer.

Reference—In New York, most efficient State in the country in its parole system, the law states specifically that no officer's case-load shall exceed seventy-five. Even in New York the load is about 100 and never has been less, altho it is dropping.

When Mr. Hoover hits at parole, as he often does, he's referring to parole laws without machinery to enforce them. Says he on this:

". . . I believe in the principle of parole . . . I believe it is right and proper that a first offender of the proper timber . . . be allowed a chance to go back into the world and rehabilitate himself. But I have insisted that this man be worthy of the trust imposed in him . . . when he betrays this confidence he indicates that inherently he possesses the criminal instincts which will make him a recidivist. . . .

Pictures, Inc.

Parole Commissioner Canavan gives prisoners another chance, but maintains a watchful eye

"Because I am a friend of parole I am opposed to weak or monetarily-controlled parole boards. It is because of this that I constantly insist that something must be done to increase the efficiency of parole supervision. . . . It is beyond my comprehension that with the marvelous example of efficient parole adjudication, administration and supervision such as exists in the Federal Parole System, there should be such a horrible mishandling of parole by various States."

Actually the cold, hard statistics show clearly that where parole is administered efficiently, as in New York State, it justifies itself by results. Joseph J. Canavan, Commissioner of the New York State Parole Division, points out that in 1935, felonies reported to the police totaled 42,057 and only 110 men on parole were convicted of new felonies in that year.

Parole, points out Commissioner Canavan, is in no sense an act of clemency. It is regarded by penologists as part of the sentence.

Furthermore, the New York Parole Board has no power to shorten or reduce a sentence. Actually, it can only lengthen a sentence.

This happens because in the case of indeterminate sentences—that is, "five to ten years," *etc.*—the convict is not eligible for parole until he has served the minimum imposed. His case then comes before the Board of three Commissioners, which goes into his record with the utmost care. Their decision to parole must be unanimous. Nearly 60 per cent. of all New York convicts eligible for parole are denied release.

Furthermore, no one—lawyer, politician, judge, district attorney, relative, clergyman or "friend"—may submit an application for the parole of any convict.

Freedom—What happens to the paroled man when he is released? His case is turned over to a parole officer to whom he must report weekly during the first year, less frequently later. He actually must live at the address given, must keep out of all trouble, keep away from criminal associates. The Parole Division will help him to get a job, it also checks up on fake employment. Very often employment promised is one of the factors considered in deciding upon release.

In New York, the parole officers, whose number has been increased several times since the present law went into effect in 1930, actually keep track of their charges. The number on parole annually averages about 10,000.

The study of the parole situation by the Prison Association led it to say: ". . . we can readily conclude that not more than six or seven States and the Federal Government have what can be termed suitable and scientific parole systems."

Vanishing—In Illinois, recent admissions by the parole authority revealed that 2,000 parolees have disappeared in the past twelve years, yet Illinois is considered to have an advanced parole system.

Considered as leading in efficient parole work are California, Illinois, Minnesota, New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, District of Columbia. The New York system is the most thoroughly staffed; the Federal Government system is best coordinated.

One argument in favor of parole is the easiest of all to understand. It costs $50 a year to supervise a parolee, $500 a year to keep a convict in prison.

Radio

FAN MAIL: Letters Are More Bread and Butter to Stars of Microphone

"Take my word for it, I have never written a letter to a radio station before, but——"

With slight variations, this is the way many Americans start the letters that fill the mail-pouches of broadcasters day after

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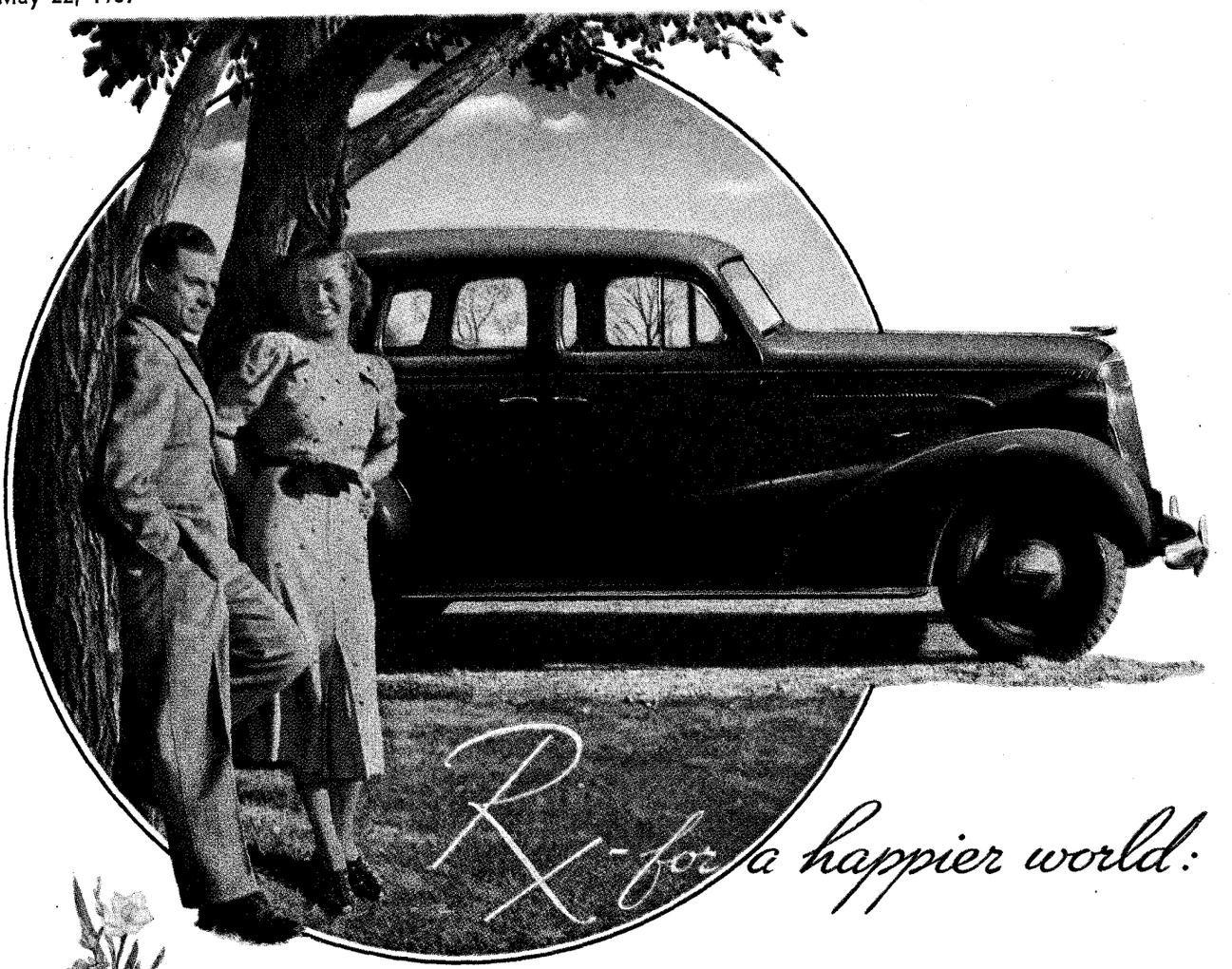

Rx for a happier world:

SPRING AND A CHEVROLET!

Now that spring has come 'round again, and all the world's in tune, take a vacation from worry! Get into a new Chevrolet, and get out of old ruts, old habits, old places. This car will take you wherever you want to go more smartly, more smoothly and more securely than any other automobile of its price; and it will save you money all the way. Buy a Chevrolet—*today's spring tonic*—the modern prescription for a happier world!

THE ONLY COMPLETE CAR—PRICED SO LOW

NEW HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE—NEW ALL-SILENT, ALL-STEEL BODIES—NEW DIAMOND CROWN SPEEDLINE STYLING—PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES—IMPROVED GLIDING KNEE-ACTION RIDE*—SAFETY PLATE GLASS ALL AROUND—GENUINE FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION—SUPER-SAFE SHOCKPROOF STEERING*.

*Knee-Action and Shockproof Steering on Master De Luxe models only. General Motors Installment Plan—monthly payments to suit your purse. CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

CHEVROLET

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day. Contrary to popular belief, there has been no falling-off of audience mail in recent years. Last week, major networks completed the most successful fan-letter year in broadcasting history with a record total for all types of sustaining and commercial programs.

N.B.C.'s total for 1936 was 5,552,000, as against 4,223,139 for 1935. Biggest month in 1936 was March, with 1,015,372—the all-time record. N.B.C. estimates that its audience spent at least $300,000 on postage. Since every letter is answered, N.B.C. and its clients spent at least as much on fan-mail postage as the audience. The Columbia network, which issues no statistical data on its audience mail, probably enjoyed a comparable increase over 1935.

During 1936, about 10 per cent. of the country's population wrote to some broadcasting station. During the first six months of 1936, about three per cent. of the population sent communications to N.B.C. alone. During the half of 1927, N.B.C.'s daily mail averaged less than 2,000 pieces; during the first six months of 1937, the daily average conceivably may rise to 30,000 pieces. Last year, the daily average was more than 27,000 pieces.

Rudy Vallee never gets fewer than 100 letters a day and in recent weeks he has received as many as 11,000. Ed Wynn, another mail-magnet, attracts 5,000 to 22,000 letters a week.

Two Sides—From letters it appears that radio "crushes" are equally divided among men and women. Wives often complain about their smitten husbands, and *vice versa*.

Competition for fan mail is a common cause of worry among radio artists; generally speaking, salaries are in direct proportion to the individual artist's mail-records. Professional jealousy and potential rivalry are responsible for the general secrecy on individual mail statistics. Many artists dread seeing such figures made public regularly, since a falling-off might prove fatal to a reputation. Comparative figures also are tabu.

The widest range of subjects is covered by the letter-writers. N.B.C. maintains three regional offices, with staffs of expert correspondents, statisticians, library researchers, mail-boys, stenographers and sorters, all adding considerably to the network overhead. An ingenious technology has been devised for handling mail as it arrives.

Networks gladly foot the expense, recognizing the audience mail as proof of radio's wide market for commercial products; also as an accurate way of determining public taste and measuring reaction to programs and entertainers.

Lately, however, radio moguls have not been taking the opinions and criticisms of letter-writers as seriously as formerly. In the infant days of broadcasting, station managers spent much time poring over individual criticisms. To-day, executives read only exceptional letters, depending upon audience-mail tabulators to record, file and analyze letters and their contents. Favorable and unfavorable reactions are recorded on punched file-cards, enabling one to see statistically what the fans are saying. Machines, each with a daily capacity of 5,000 cards, compile the records.

Prizes—Of great benefit to mail volume recently have been contests sponsored by broadcasters and advertisers. Tens of thousands of letters often pour in, following the announcement of a new contest. The bulk of mail became so great in early winter months last year that the post-office requested advertisers kindly to refrain from new contests until after the Christmas rush.

Hard-working, eagle-eyed young women are employed by the studios to open, read, tabulate and answer the mail. N.B.C.'s Supervisor of Audition Mail is Miss Adelaide Piana, soft-spoken, kindly and capable.

The staff is cautioned not to allow any letter with unusual human interest to escape attention. They are removed from the stream and placed before the Supervisor. If deserving, they go into Miss Piana's carefully-hoarded file, containing the best specimens. Here follow some contributions:

At 10 o'clock Saturday night September 10 two friends and I are planning to 'shuffle off this mortal coil' by the way of the gas-pipe and would appreciate it very much if you could sing or play 'Abide With Me' to ease our dying hours.
THREE DISILLUSIONED MORTALS.

Suspecting a practical joke, the radio managements are not easily drawn in by such sanguinary announcements. In the above case, the local station was advised to make a one-minute appeal in lieu of playing the requested "Abide With Me."

A housewife with a passion for good deeds, sends this announcement:

For the sake of suffering humanity, please send this out at noon: A hot dinner-plate placed outside the shirt over a pain will give relief in ten minutes.

A young fellow who fears neither man nor beast asks for a lead:

Will you please let me know whether you know some one who has a house, palace or mansion to "dehaunt?" I dehaunt them.

The problems of a rural young miss are brought to the notice of a radio announcer:

I am a refined girl of eighteen, light hair, blue eyes. I will marry any man under forty that will give me $5,000 to take care of my parents.

A hero-worshiper makes a modest comparison between two men of music:

I've heard so much of Rudy Vallee that I think he's more wonderful than Beethoven's Sonatas.

A student of geography asks:

What State is Radio City in? Please broadcast it.

A practical fellow makes an observation about business instincts:

With the broadcast of the London Naval Conference, I am compelled to congratulate you—an enterprise that permits ordinary men to button up their underwear to the accompaniment of an address by a European monarch, is to be commended to the world.

A young *demoiselle* who signs her name "Chill Seeker" dispatches the following:

I am a girl of nineteen and I would want you to present something more lively, more interesting. In other words, I like "superhuman" stories. I hope you will dramatize some story that will send chills down my back.

A young swain goes down to the sea in ships and leaves his bonnie wife in a dilemma:

My husband is at sea and he gets home once in two months. I have all the house to myself and would like to get a real nice gentleman boarder. My husband wants me to get some one to stay with me. I have a letter from him showing his consent. Answer in person, please.

Manna falls from heaven in the form of a child and Father hastens to write:

Last night our baby was born during the Victory hour. We are going to raise him on the radio. . . .

A hardy soul craves adventure:

I want to go up in a Zeppelin and crash, too.

Pathos and sadness appear in many of the letters sent by sick, lonely and abandoned people. Here is one:

I'm an old woman—an inmate of a home. Laid away on a shelf to be gnawed by moths. A friend gave me a tiny radio, as big as a second, which opens doors into the music world, the art world, the book world—how I love it! As I listen, the walls fall down as they did around Jericho!

Well, I've lost my old body—only my soul floats about. It is a pure joy! I wish I could say it to you. It is stupid to write. If I should be found dead over my little radio you would know I died of joy.

Many listeners write political oratory after hearing the spirited discussions on Town Meeting of the Air, the country's favorite educational program. Here is a salty sample from the woods of Wisconsin:

For the past couple of weeks I have tuned in on your so-called Town Meeting. The last

N.B.C. Photo

Fans make stars as each of N.B.C.'s 30,000 daily letters slips into its proper slot . . . sustaining programs to the left, commercial to the right

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one I hooked was the Townsend Plan and the Chief Actors and pie-throwers were Two Boys with more Senatorial Ambitions than desires to explain a plan, whether it be a decent plan or another racket.

In the first place, I'm a lumberjack. I make my living by the honest use of my brain, muscles and abilities in the business of felling timber. I don't talk much as a rule. I never talk when I am working. I never talk when I am working for the BEST. But when I work or when I talk—something has to CRASH, either big timber or big talk.

I never went to school. I won't know how to spell college. My good wife takes care of the high-hat part of my life, while I run the Low Brow (and what I mean I run them).

My ideas have grown from long experience in a country where talk is cheap and strength DAM high.

A critical young lady shakes her finger at the radio:

How do you expect a poor stenographer and Sunday-school teacher to get engaged to the nicest minister in the world if you insist on wrecking a whole evening with such dumb programs? The minister threw his text-book clear across the room with a fervent, if not a reverend, damn and I said a few things that I picked up from a Missouri mule-driver. . . .

A lone trapper in Canada writes:

Every time you play "Home Sweet Home" it makes me feel like packing my traps. I'm all alone in the wilderness and "Home Sweet Home" cuts a man to the heart. Is there no way it can be turned into jazz?

A sailor solicits the power of radio for his romance:

Please make several announcements of the following: Will the young lady who sat next to me in the 10:30 P. M. bus which left Washington for New York last Wednesday get in touch with me at ——. I am highly desirous and crave to know her whereabouts. I wish you would do all in your power to announce this several times.

A Virginia mother takes her chief worry to the broadcasting station:

Would you kindly let me know where I can rent a little tuxedo suit with hat for a boy four years old?

The surprizing thing is that so many of the letters are answered.

Wheels

TOTING CASH: Armored Car Service for Bookies' Bets and Pay-Rolls Is Big Business

Out at the Metropolitan Race Track on Long Island these horsey days, Armored Service trucks collect thousands in cash from book-makers each night, run the gangster gantlet to the safety of a bank-vault.

Next morning, the trucks meet the bookies and distribute assets.

Next month, Armored Service makes its third annual trip from the Metropolitan through dark mountain fastnesses to the Saratoga track.

The cash collected the last night at the Metropolitan, despite gangland's hungry eyes and nervous fingers, must be in Saratoga the following morning—betting to go on as usual.

Even Durant Rose, Executive Vice-President of Armored Service, would be little help to those who would thwart the rendezvous with the bookies of their precious canvas bags. In the dead of night, by irregular routes and schedules, two or three Armored Service trucks will hit the trail, slide to stops before Saratoga's National Bank and the Adirondack Trust Company. State Police and drawn guns will meet them, watch the canvas bags being borne inside; none will know which of the banks gets the real currency, which gets bales of worthless paper. Should shooting start, a successful hold-up would

In this angry sea—

AN OFFICER IS SHAVING
BELOW DECKS IN PERFECT SAFETY

[*An officer's wife wrote this unsolicited letter to us*]

"*Eight months ago, I gave a Schick as a gift to my husband, who is an officer in one of our American merchant ships. From the first day he used it, he has had nothing but unqualified praise for it.*

"*He had an unusually tough beard and tender skin, and, of course, the troubles of razor shaving are, with him, a thing of the past.*

"*What impressed me most is that so often in his letters he writes: 'It was so rough—we pitched and rolled—but it was as easy as ever to shave with my Schick, whereas I couldn't possibly have shaved with a razor this morning.'*

"*Another time the boilers were shut down for repairs and there was no hot water for shaving—which condition didn't bother him at all.*"

These astonishing Schick stories

Day after day we receive letters of the use of Schick Shavers under remarkable circumstances. A half-paralyzed man uses one. Blind men shave without danger. A man breaks his right arm and shaves with a Schick in his left. Two days after a dangerous major operation, the 60-year-old patient shaves himself. One Schick Shaver shaves 50 men on flood relief work for many days. Literally thousands of letters in our files tell these marvelous stories of the Schick Shaver.

What about *you?*

Are you still using old-fashioned methods of shaving? The Schick will give you quick, close shaves. You use no lather. It has no blades. You cannot cut or scrape yourself. And, in time, it gives you a new skin to replace the blade-calloused tissue of your face.

Go to a dealer today

Ask him to show you a Schick Shaver. Try it yourself. Buy one and use it for 30 days *without using a blade* and you will be enthusiastically convinced.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Ediscs, Inc., San Francisco.
In Canada: Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores. (Canadian price, $16.50.)

SCHICK SHAVER

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make newspaper head-lines as the World's Eighth Wonder.

Toting cash the armored way is a 100 per cent. successful enterprise. One thousand armored trucks dart in and out of America's metropolitan centers, serving thousands of banks, business houses and factories. Virtually impregnable, not to be pierced even by the steel-jacketed slugs of a submachine-gun, these $10,000 trucks have tempered steel bodies, five-ply laminated wind-shields. In their interior, equipped with gas-masks, high-powered submachine-guns and revolvers, a crew of from four to six men peer out through narrow gun-ports. Duplicate controls in the storage-space stop the car should the driver be killed in action.

Nor are the guards of Brink's, United States Trucking Corporation and Armored Service, "Big Three" of the money-hauling business, of ordinary fiber. Fifty per cent. of the front-line personnel are ex-service men with training that stands them in good stead protecting their clients' cash from underworld raiders.

To land a billet with these high-class forces, aspirants must be at least twenty-eight, with no age-limit beyond that of ability to shoot straight, physically and morally. Most companies insist on married men in tip-top physical condition, measuring up to the fighting services' physical standards, for recruits close to 100 per cent. Aspirants must show rifle and pistol medals and have a spotless record for honesty, sobriety and morality.

Drill-Masters—Once chosen, the tyro guard is finger-printed and photographed, pictures being filed at the home and all branch offices of the trucking-company. United's recruits are turned over to a Boer War veteran, drill-sergeant for the entire force, who shows hard-bitten Regulars how to improve their shooting with a six-shooter. Each week, guards who remain on the job must participate in target-practise on life-size moving targets.

Such tactics hold forth at Brink's too, while Armored Service employs an ex-West Pointer as pistol-expert. With these fighting men, Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard discharge certificates with notation of expert rifleman, pistol-shot and excellent character give candidates a long leg-up for a cash-carrying job.

Since as much as $5,000,000 may be entrusted to half-a-dozen guards averaging between $30 and $40 a week salary, precautions against skulduggery within must be taken by the trucking companies. Brink's chooses guards only after triple-checked investigations; all companies bond their guards heavily.

In New York, with 400 guards, the total bonding is $200,000,000 for men who collect or deliver $30,000,000 each day from 300 banks and at least 3,000 mercantile establishments.

Daily routes, New York and elsewhere, are planned carefully. Each guard works "blind" from day to day, his job resulting from the shuffling of a card-index system. No crew has the same personnel twice in one month.

Theft—Yet, once, an armored-car guard succeeded in stealing a car with a $63,000 pay-roll. Shouting "See you later!" to the crew which was depositing $22,000 in a bank, he drove off. Refusing to believe that the impossible had happened, the company manager waited three hours before calling the police.

Meanwhile, the renegade guard, driving around a corner only three blocks away, opened the rear of the truck with a stolen key, rifled the pay-envelopes and gave to a messenger $1 to take back to his office the empty envelops.

Eventually, the traitor was caught and imprisoned.

It's not thievery but heroism which makes armored-car guards crash the front page. Brink's has paid five guards $500 each for shooting down hijackers. Once, an Armored Service crew, meeting a motor-car full of suspicious looking characters, asked to see their driving-license, found they had none, followed them until they reached a policeman who made a detailed investigation. The suspicious characters were escaped convicts exploring the territory.

In December, 1935, a father-and-son crew of an armored car, collecting Philadelphia chain-store cash, were beaten to the draw when deceived by bandits disguised as policemen. Yet, the two guards grabbed the revolvers pointed at them, shot down the would-be robbers.

Brink's guards are called messengers; United men are conductors and the man in charge of an Armored Service car is a corporal. In each case, the man in charge gets the top salary, must keep the car's log, telephoning his office at frequent intervals. On the average, a collecting-car makes seventy-five stops a day, as many as 200 on a chain-store route.

When outside the car carrying valuables, Brink's men must keep their pistols in hand; United's guards keep weapons holstered, but one hand on their pistol-butts, ready for a lightning draw. They must check in their guns at night.

Pay-Off—While bank-funds form a considerable part of America's steel-plated traffic, pay-rolls are the industry's backbone with two types of service:

1. Delivery of pay-rolls from bank to plant with the truck company's responsibility ending there.

2. Delivery plus actual payment of employees.

Concerns hiring in the latter service have only to keep plenty of cash in their bank. The trucking company gets it, makes up pay-envelops at its own offices, takes them to the factory in armored cars at the proper time, sets up a paymaster's desk and distributes wages. Extent of this service may be gaged when it's known that one company operating in a string of metropolitan centers handles approximately 16,000,000 pay-envelops a year.

It all began back in 1859, when a Vermonter named Brink went to Chicago, then a city of 100,000, seeking fame and fortune. With one horse and a wagon, he began moving baggage and merchandise.

One day he was asked to move six bags of silver dollars, weighing sixty pounds each, from a bank to the Federal Building. This gave him the idea that cash-toting was a job in itself. There weren't any bandits in Chicago then, or he might have thought twice.

Paper money still was queer to business men; they insisted on gold or silver, making cash-toting a freight job. To Brink's goes the credit for turning the old-line money-car into the modern armored vehicle.

Hold-Up—Ordinary motor-cars transported money up to 1917. Only protection was an armed guard or two. "Casing" such a hold-up job, one "Ammunition" Wheed saw a cinch.

Shooting two Brink guards in the back, Wheed snatched the pay-roll they were delivering.

Tho Wheed promptly was caught and put to death for his double murder, Brink money-toters thereafter used two cars on a job. The first car carried the cash; the second transported a rifle-squad to scare off hijackers. This worked well for eleven years.

In 1928, a Brink car was dynamited by Pittsburgh bandits and the second car wrecked in the hole blasted by the explosion. Money-toters put on their thinking-caps. Result: armored cars, virtually impregnable.

Tho gangsters may be one lap ahead of

Keystone

When gold is in transit "Cash-carriers" keep one hand on a quick trigger . . . alert for action

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the guards in planning the "perfect crime," it is rarely the guards who are shot down. The hundred-thousandth time, when criminals outwit the system, insurance companies make good the loss within twenty-four hours. It's the proud boast of one of the largest pay-roll protection firms that no client has lost a penny of the $100,000,000 that daily is entrusted to seventy-two branch offices. This company's two competitors match the record.

Letters and Art

TO PARIS: Ohioans Send Famous Clouet Painting From Popular Toledo Museum

Carefully wrapped, strongly encased, an American art treasure was aboard the *Ile-de-France* last week bound for Le Havre. On a ship bearing several thousand Americans headed for a similar destination, the painting, "Elisabeth of Valois," by François Clouet (1510-'72), was being sent as a modest transatlantic contribution to the Exposition of Masterpieces of French Art in the 1937 International Exhibition of Arts and Technics in Modern Life, opening next week at Paris.

This loan is the oldest French painting in the Toledo Museum of Art, incorporated in 1901 by its founder, the late Edward Drummond Libbey, glass magnate. There are a number of features about the institution which make it a star-studded paradox in the art world. According to an *Art Annual* survey, this museum ranks first in *per capita* attendance among the nation's art repositories. An unofficial figure for the population in the Toledo area is 346,530; for the city itself the figure is almost 100,000 less. Yet, in 1936, attendance at the Toledo Museum of Art was estimated to be more than 352,000.

Error—Such statistics belie the recent opinions of J. B. Priestley in "Midnight on the Desert" that American art museums are seldom visited, that art almost never is talked about by Americans. The fact of the matter is that the very sting of the English author's comment was embodied in a statement made thirty years ago by George W. Stevens, first Director of the Toledo Museum of Art.

"A great manufacturing center," he declared, "is a prison-house unless it provides something for leisure hours."

Now, the Ohio city is such a center, manufacturing sheet-steel, petroleum and clay products, machinery and machine-tools, oil-well supplies, paper, bricks, plate glass, atomizers, automobiles and automobile accessories, saws, valve-bags, wheelbarrows, radio supplies, hats, fireless cookers, metal pencils and fountain pens, and children's vehicles, among other things.

Working hand in hand with the city's industries to supply those leisure and instructive hours, the Museum has grown in the last quarter of a century into a vital part of the community. Direct benefits to Toledo's industry have been through design classes. At the request of the Owens Bottle Company, the institution organized a class in bottle-design for draftsmen. The thought of line and form was added to durability and usefulness in the company's production thereafter. Industrial design next was taught to workers of the Libbey Glass Company. Subsequently, classes have been organized at the request of other Toledo industries for attention, not to art in general, but to the principles of design as applied to their particular output.

Courtesy Toledo Museum of Art

One of the Toledo Museum's "chef-d'œuvres" . . . the "Flight Into Egypt" by Francisco de Zurbaran . . . now lent to the exhibition of Spanish art in Philadelphia

Example—A survey of one industry, the Toledo Scale Company, several years ago, indicated that 84 per cent. of its employees had visited the Museum, that 50 per cent. made fairly regular visits and that 30 per cent. had children who were enrolled in its regular classes.

By now, civic leaders regard the Museum as a definite asset, a magnet for out-of-town visitors. The Directors acquire their new paintings and valuable items carefully. They never give out figures, but their annual budget is spent with caution in acquiring works, both classic and modern, old and new, which will keep the permanent collection of 300 paintings at the highest possible level of excellence.

Last winter, the Toledo art world received much attention when it bought "Madonna Adoring the Child" by Piero di Cosima (1462-1521), teacher of Andrea del Sarto.

The Museum has five principal collections—paintings, old books and manuscripts, ancient glass (donated by Mr. Libbey, who collected, as well as manufactured the modern product), the Medieval Cloister with the arcade from the Abbey of St. Pons de Thomières, sculpture.

"Altho we don't like to lend out paintings," Blake-More Godwin, Director of the Museum, told THE LITERARY DIGEST, "we believe it is our duty whenever an important exhibition makes a request."

Lenders—All in all, the Toledo Museum is one of the "lendingest" museums in the country. It sent a Degas to the Philadelphia exhibition of the French artist's works last winter; the same painting then was shipped to Paris for the French Government's current show at the Orangerie. Another *chef-d'œuvre*, the "Flight Into Egypt" by Francisco de Zurbaran (1598-1662), is lent to the exhibition of Spanish art in Philadelphia.

Toledo art enthusiasts are proud of their Manet, "Portrait of Antonin Proust"; Franz Hals's "The Flute Player" and gifts by their founder; an Egyptian collection and paintings by Holbein, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Pieter de Hoogh, Turner, Constable, Gainsborough and Raeburn, among others.

This summer, from June to September, 100 paintings by contemporary artists will be presented in the twenty-eighth Annual American Exhibition held by the Museum. They are selected from the principal winter shows held around the country. One of Ohio's own painters, the late George Bellows, born in Columbus in 1882, was unknown in 1909 at the time Libbey noticed his "Blackwell's Bridge."

"It shows that you can hit it right on contemporary art once in a while," said Mr. Godwin last week.

Again, in 1916, Mr. Libbey bid $20,000 at auction for Blakelock's "The Brook by Moonlight," painted in 1899. This directed attention to the artist, who for sixteen years had been in a mental hospital. By loan exhibitions of the picture, a fund was established to care for Blakelock in his last years.

PIRATE GOLD: Tale of Chests, Four Maps, Captain Kidd and the South Seas

For more than 250 years, treasure-hunters armed with cryptic maps have turned the soil of remote islands in search of the fabulous buried treasure of Capt. William Kidd.

Ill-luck and failure have beset most such expeditions, so much so that Britons and Americans have become chary of backing similar ventures. But the quest for the buried gold and gems of the Spanish Main never dies. To-day, two Englishmen are rushing about London with new and enticing Kidd maps, trying to raise funds for a needle-hunt in the haystack of the South Seas.

Captain Kidd was hanged as a pirate in 1701. Behind him he left numerous chests and it was some of these which started

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Hubert Palmer and Harold T. Wilkins on the latest quest for hidden treasure.

As related in "Captain Kidd and His Skeleton Islands," by Harold T. Wilkins (New York: Liveright; $3), their proposed adventure dates back to a day in the last decade when Pamela Hardy, an English spinster, lay on her death-bed. In her house were relatives come to console the dying, and, so the author says, she heard these words:

Loud—"There'll be plenty of gravy for us when the old girl kicks the bucket."

But the eager heirs had talked too loudly.

"Oh, will there?" said Miss Hardy with indignation. "I'll see about that!"

And she did. With considerable spryness she sold all the relics her young nephews and nieces wanted. Into an antique shop in London went an old pirate-chest. Shop-owner Hill Cutler poked it over, decided it was genuine and bought it. Forthwith the call went out to buccaneer fans: *Oak sea-chest, with false bottom, left by Capt. William Kidd to his boatswain, Ned Ward, with the threat that Kidd would haunt him if he ever broke the chest open after Kidd was dead. . . .*

The threat failed to stop Boatswain Ward. He sold the chest with alacrity to Capt. Thomas Hardy, boon companion of the famous sea-dog, Lord Nelson. In the Hardy family the chest remained for long years until Captain Hardy's grandniece, Pamela Hardy, sold it a few weeks before her death. Then things began to hum.

Into the dimly lit shop of Hill Cutler one day early in March, 1931, walked Palmer and Wilkins, who devote their spare time to pirate lore. They pounced upon the chest gleefully, paid for it and carted it off to the den where they stowed their pirate relics.

With trembling fingers they felt the sides of the box. Were there any secret drawers? They pressed scrolls and nail-heads without result. Their disappointment mounted, when suddenly they encountered two loose nail-heads on opposite sides of the box bottom. They pressed them and out popped a secret drawer. Inside, carefully drawn with red and black ink, was a map with the magic signature: "W. K. 1669." The treasure-hunters jumped with joy.

Poem of the Week

My Dog

He can tell when I am happy,
He knows when I am mad,
He shuns me when I'm scrappy,
He is doleful when I'm sad.

He is my boon companion
Over woodland, hill and dale,
I know just what he's thinking
By the way he wags his tail.

All night long he's near me,
My hand upon his head.
There's a feeling of contentment
When I know he's on my bed.

If anything should happen to him,
I don't know what I'd do!
He seems to be a part of me.
(I think he knows it, too.)

And when he gazes up at me,
Those wistful eyes of brown
Reflect what many humans lack
A Soul! in my good hound.

"Poems." By Theron W. Kilmer, M.D. (New York: $.75.)

Foxy—Their excitement was short-lived, however, for Captain Kidd had been most crafty. His treasure had been buried on an island in the seas of the "East Indies"—name unstated. Palmer and Wilkins sank back in their chairs, exhausted. The task of finding an unnamed island in the South Seas was too much. Even to-day, map-makers throw up their hands in despair when trying to pin down on paper the thousands of tiny islands rising and falling mysteriously in the Pacific. The fortune-hunters sighed, admitted it had been fun while it lasted and forgot their dream.

Soon the fire flared again, for Palmer went to an antique shop, found his way to a Queen Anne bureau of heavy oak and sensed there was something inside. With haste he bought it and summoned his fellow enthusiast. They went over every inch of the chest. Just as they decided the whole thing was another mistake they spotted the rod that supported the lid of the chest.

"I'll bet there is something in there," said Wilkins.

They pried it off and looked. Sure enough—Captain Kidd had come through with another map.

Clue—For a few moments hopes ran high again. But Captain Kidd was too much for them. His second map told no more than the first save in one small detail: On the upper corner of the map "the name of a certain remote Far Eastern sea" appeared. The field had narrowed ever so slightly. Somewhere in the compass of 2,000 watery miles of the Indian and Pacific Oceans part of the gold and gems of William Kidd appeared to be waiting.

Nothing could stop the loot-hunters. They were sure a third map had been sketched by the Captain giving the vital clues. They set to work.

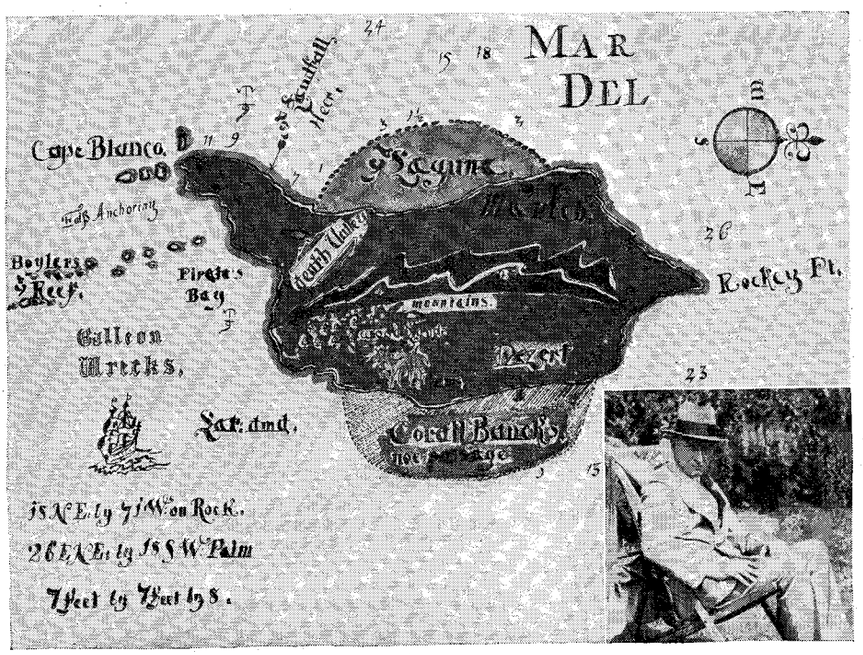
In Barnstable, North Devon, old Cap'n Dan Morgan, descendant of another famous buccaneer, Henry Morgan, was waiting to help them. In 1932, Cap'n Morgan obligingly turned over another Kidd chest. By this time the fortune-hunters were expert. They wasted not a moment. Out came the secret compartment carefully hidden behind a skull and cross-bones monogram—and there was the third map.

From this map came more clues, but not enough. Back two and one-half centuries navigation was any one's guess. Pirates and respectable sea-captains alike sailed without adequate instruments. Infrequent indeed were maps of 1669 that agreed on the coast-line of Europe, let alone tiny islands in the Far Pacific. Just where was the Kidd treasure-island? Wilkins and Palmer scratched their heads and started in opposite directions. Palmer went to America to scout for the fourth map and Wilkins turned to crumbling charts in museums.

Wilkins found no encouraging word. Charts, whether Dutch, Spanish or English, gave no hints. But from America the news was more cheering. Palmer had found the fourth map! He hopped a boat, dashed back to England. Carefully he unrolled a yellowed piece of vellum. The prolific Captain Kidd finally had broken down. The map was replete with directions: Wrecks were marked along the shore, full details were given of the treasure-caches; everything the hunters needed but the exact location of the island. They resigned themselves to their fate. Perhaps they never would know. They were sure that Kidd had told all he could. It remained for them to find the island.

Hunting—Their efforts were destined for success. Word got round they had the maps of Captain Kidd and an old tar came forward with an offer to help. He remembered vaguely having sailed by a funny little island on a warm summer night forty years ago. Doubtfully Wilkins and Palmer showed their map. The old man was sure. That was the very island. He didn't know whether he could find it again, but he would try if they wanted him to.

So the last pieces of the puzzle fell into place. Everything was set for a venture to the South Seas and Captain Kidd's fortune. When the enthusiasts broached the idea of putting up funds, to a select list of friends, they struck a stone wall. So the two indomitable Britons, convinced that they have untold wealth almost within their grasp, are hunting for backers.



Map courtesy Liveright Pub. Co. Photo courtesy Dutton Pub. Co.

Harold T. Wilkins (inset), Captain Kidd's disciple No. 1, chafes at the bit while fabulous piratical riches may be waiting on this mysterious South Sea island

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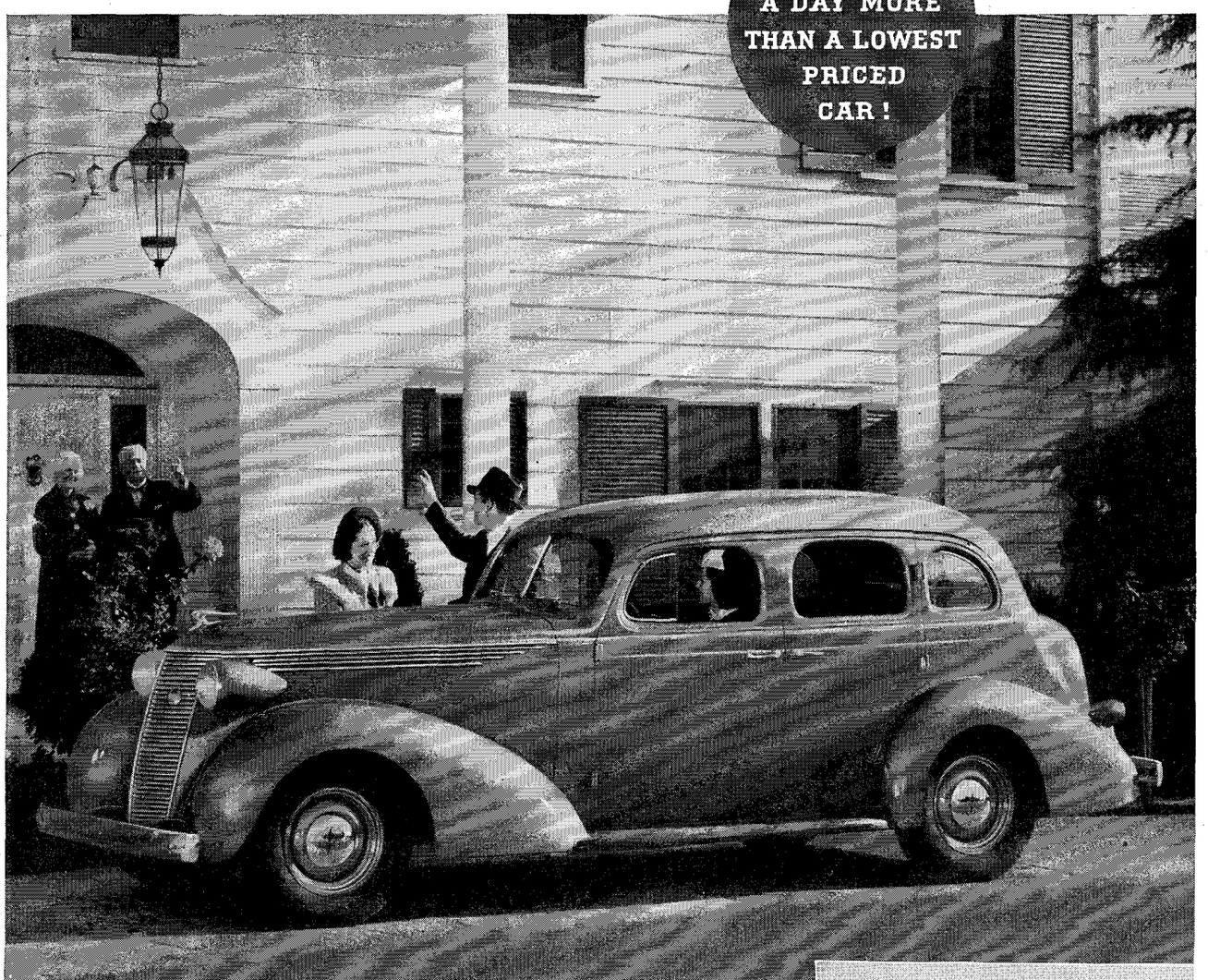
A FEW CENTS A DAY MORE THAN A LOWEST PRICED CAR!



ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH

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HOW WAR MADE A MAN INTO A KILLER

"They Gave Him a Gun" and He Never Stopped Using It

The cinema does not often pin on the wings of peace and flap them in eight reels of dove-like cooing. When it does, alas! it too frequently becomes so absorbed with the frantic didoes of war in the field that it loses grasp on its original message and whoops it up with sounds of thunder and scenes of carnage.

No sort of melodramatic side-tracking affects "They Gave Him a Gun," a stark, superrealistic preachment against the evils of war as they apply to the individual. In it is some of the penetrative philosophy of the play, "Johnny Johnson" and in it is an individual's eye-view of war. It isn't pretty.

This is Producer Harry Rapf's testament that war not only is murder but teaches murder; that in the wake of war comes a regiment of young men suddenly thirsty to kill. No armistice, he implies, assuages that thirst and the soldiers carry it over into peace.

Metro turned three able players over to Rapf, tossed him a sum of money and asked him to do the job. It is not a job that is satisfactory in every respect, its story frequently stumbles around the middle of the road, but its general power is real and there are stunning performances by Spencer Tracy, Franchot Tone and Miss Gladys George.

Shudders—Tone, a peaceful, timid store-clerk, faints in training-camp when he sinks a bayonet into a straw dummy. He is horrified at what they are teaching him and he dreads to go to France. Once there, and initiated in killing, he becomes a ruthless killer.

There is a chilling scene in which he creeps into the steeple of an abandoned church and has a clear shot at a hidden German machine-gun nest. Seeing seven men there, he smacks his lips, takes a grip on his rifle, sights it and mutters with greedy satisfaction:

"What a dish!"

Back in the United States after the War he gets another gun: This time he is hired killer for a gang, then its chief. Imprisoned, he shoots his way out, almost shoots his benefactor, finally dies under the crash of bullets from a police squad that has hunted him down.

Substantiating, or softening, this grim transformation from rabbit to killer is a love-story it is not necessary to describe since it follows the ancient triangular pathway of all sure-fire fictional romance. It is the plot known as A-1: Good girl, good guy, bad guy.

It is a little strange to find Rapf, a knowing producer, allowing a fuddled first shot of Miss George. She is supposed to be a harried, weary nurse, checking wounded men into a front-line surgery. The road is deep in mud and muddy, wounded men brush against her; she has been on duty fourteen hours. But she looks care-free, her hair is wondrously marceled with not a strand out of place and her uniform not only gleams starchily but hasn't a wrinkle or a stain on it.

Casting—Tracy makes possibly the most emotionally right performance of his career in the rôle of the good fellow who isn't turned murderer by the killings of war. Tone uncovers depths hinted at in the theater five years ago, but not until now realized for the cinema. Miss George again proves that she is an emotional actress completely sure-footed, with a precision for powerful scenes that is astonishing.

For those with an abiding hunger for peace and its ways, the picture is superb.

FILMED KIPLING: All Who Want a Good Cry Should See "Captains Courageous"

All those moviegoers who have been waiting for a good cry at a film had better rush to see "Captains Courageous," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's latest entrant in the field of two-a-day shows. A month ago officials of the company didn't quite know how strong the picture was. So they tried it out at the Locust in Philadelphia.

As every bucket of fresh tears was carted away from the theater, enthusiasm and interest mounted with the Quaker City fans.

On several occasions the sniffling and sobbing was so acute that Mayor S. Davis Wilson, interested in all things theatric, thought a flood had broken loose in the purlieus of Broad Street.

Result of these encouraging Pennsylvania lacrimose sessions was the booking of "Captains Courageous" into Chicago, San Francisco, Boston, Los Angeles and New York as one of the outstanding films of the year. And as entertainment, audiences of both coasts agreed last week that even the late Rudyard Kipling would have been proud of the adaptation and modernization of his 190-page story first published in book form in 1896.

Tracy and Bartholomew . . . handkerchief kings

Last fall, writers John Lee Mahin, Marc Connelly and Dale Van Every took the forty-year-old story of the pampered son who was made a man by the fishermen of the Grand Banks. They brought their story up to 1937, showing a pampered kid on vacation then at school, buying his way through life as the son of a multimillionaire. Nauseated by having eaten too many ice-cream sodas to show off, the youngster topples overboard, is rescued by a fisherman. His adventures with the seafarers during their season constitutes the bulk of the film.

Parts—Freddie Bartholomew, English child actor, plays *Harvey Cheyne* to the hilt, turning in a performance ranging from an odious little snob to a heart-broken "little man." The byplay on the fishing-schooner with *Manuel* (Spencer Tracy), *Captain Disko* (Lionel Barrymore), *Dan* (Mickey Rooney), *Long Jack* (John Carradine) are scenes of robust humor, adventure and stirring pathos. From the death of *Manuel* until the time *Harvey* throws a wreath of flowers into the ocean as a remembrance, handkerchiefs have dotted most audiences so far. As one woman in Philadelphia remarked: "It's the most wonderful picture! I cried from the first two minutes!"

For those who relish pictorial treats, the sailing scenes show superb photography. Curiosity among films, "Captains Courageous" is both a man's and a woman's picture—and not one leading rôle is played by a woman.

NAVY'S WINGS: A Light, Intelligent Comedy Drama of Flying Adventure in Hawaii

Last week, in Hollywood, preview personages wandered listlessly into a Beverly Hills theater, awaited one more naval aviation picture without enthusiasm. They felt they were about to see another carbon copy of a dozen predecessors.

Ten minutes after Universal's "Wings Over Honolulu" had begun to unwind on the screen the audience perked up. When the film was over it was applauded vigorously and with sincerity.

Chief applause went to H. C. ("Hank") Potter for a direction job of singular felicity, to writers Isabel Dawn and Boyce de Gaw for a scenario of spirited, often powerful, realism.

Adventure—The picture deals with a Virginia débutante who marries a young lieutenant of naval aviation the day after she meets him. He is ordered to Honolulu as they are having the wedding-dinner. She joins him there weeks later, but is unable to fit herself into the traditions of the Navy and Navy wives, is involved in a Honolulu resort brawl, drives her husband into committing an act which leads to court martial.

Her plea to the court saves him and they are reunited. It is a formula ending but none other of satisfaction could have presented itself.

Wendy Barrie is very able and moving in the rôle of the bewildered Navy bride. Ray Milland advances himself as a potential star in his performance as the flying bridegroom who puts Navy ahead of anything else.

Admirers of William Gargan will find him at top best in a rôle which must have

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Kent Taylor and Wendy Barrie portray an admirable glimpse of the flying Navy

been about as easy to wring strength out of as it would be to squeeze champagne out of a dish-mop.

"Wings Over Honolulu" is recommended without reservation as a light, intelligent comedy drama of Navy life.

Music

SLEEPING BEAUTY: Virginia Oman Slept Six Months, Woke Up, Learned to Play Organ

Down in the orchestra pit of the St. James Theater in New York, musicians came to attention. The *maestro* lifted his baton, nodded to the girl on the organ bench, whose slender, crimson-tipped fingers awaited his signal to touch the keyboard of a pipeless organ in the curtain-raising number to Maurice Evans's production of "King Richard II."

Unknown to the audience, the twenty-four-year-old dark-eyed beauty at the organ was the famous "Sleeping Beauty"* of 1931—Virginia Oman of Palisades, New Jersey, who was unconscious for six months and is one of the few cases recorded in medical history to have recovered completely from the malady of sleeping sickness.

"There was no pain," she said, in telling of her illness. "I just felt heavier and heavier and remember trying desperately hard to get home one afternoon before everything went black."

That was all there was to it until six months later, when she awakened just as calmly as she had gone to sleep and found herself on the front porch of her New Jersey home, her mother bending anxiously over her.

Rest—Her first words were: "What time is it?"

"It's Tuesday," her mother replied. "How do you feel?"

Miss Oman said she felt fine, but what was she doing on the front porch? Mrs. Oman, through tears of joy at her sleeping beauty's awakening, explained that she had been asleep for six months and the doctors said she must have plenty of fresh air, sunshine and rest.

"Rest?" Miss Oman laughed, "Well, if I've been asleep six months I guess I don't need any more of that!" But she had to move cautiously, for the "cure" was only begun.

"Just being alive again," she added, "makes me feel like *Rip Van Winkle*, and I am going to rediscover the world!"

Before entering upon her long sleep, Miss Oman was obsessed with the idea that she needed a lot of sleep, even more than eight hours a night, so that she could memorize the music she was studying. She played the piano and insisted upon learning everything by heart.

"Now that I've gotten caught up on sleep," she said, "I seldom need more than four or five hours a night and I can do twice as much work as I used to do."

Walking—When she became thoroughly awake, Miss Oman suffered slight attacks of paralysis.

"They said it was something like infantile paralysis," she explained, first in sections of her face, then an arm and a leg, but this passed in a few months and she never has had a return of it. She virtually had to learn to walk all over again, like a child, for six months in bed had rendered her legs useless.

"The greatest thing that ever happened to me," she declared optimistically, "was being compelled to lie on my back and look at the sky. It was then that I saw and mapped out my whole life. I knew I wanted to become a musician. The sun gave me a rhythm and a peace I had not known. Life looks entirely different, I can assure you, when you have once been—well, just no part of it, like a candle snuffed out for six months but left standing in its holder. There was so much I wanted to do and nothing seemed impossible."

Very little was impossible with such newborn ambition. Her mother, Mrs. Adel Oman, a thorough business woman, wanted her daughter to take a business course, but Virginia held out for music, even as a child. Her brother Fred wanted to be an architect but Mrs. Oman thought he, too, should stick to business. Mr. Oman died when the children were small and Mrs. Oman was the bread-winner of the family. It was time for the children to help, but they were stubborn and had their way. Now the mother is more than reconciled because both Virginia and Fred are earning their own livings at the jobs they felt destined to pursue.

Studies—Miss Oman is a graduate of Northfield Seminary, East Northfield, Massachusetts. It was here that she became interested in the organ. She prefers classical and concert music but can play jazz and "swing" music "if necessary." She studied at the Juilliard School of Music, with Frank La Forge, Gaston Dethier, Susan Brieby Sweisguth and others. She has accompanied many vocal and instrumental artists and dancers and soloed herself.

Six-months' siesta and lovely Virginia Oman is "caught up on sleep"

As pianist and organist, Miss Oman is in demand by New York hotels for banquets, luncheons and entertainments, and has toured colleges, private schools and clubs in New England, Florida, Cuba, the West Indies, Bermuda and Canada.

At present she is head instructor at the Hammond Organ Studios in Manhattan, where she guarantees that any one can learn to play "Swanee River" in two weeks on the new pipeless organ. She also teaches the technique of the electric organ in the Kew-Forest School, Forest Hills, Long Island, and had played for the Max Gordon production of "St. Helena" before "Richard II" opened under the direction of Robinson Smith and Eddie Dowling. She expects to tour with the company this summer.

Two weeks ago, Miss Oman was a central attraction at the Grand Central Terminal for International Music Week, demonstrating the pipeless organ. When she takes a vacation—which she says she hasn't had time or wanted to do since she awakened in 1931, she thinks she will go swimming.

There is one thing that never will interfere with her work, and that is marriage. "I'm always in love," she said, "but never seriously, and if I do decide to marry, I can go right on with my music, devoting, perhaps, a little less time to it than before—but I don't think so, the way I feel about it now."

SINGER'S FLAME: Marian Anderson's Spark Began to Glow in Negro Church

Twelve years ago, at the breathless age of seventeen, a Negro girl named Marian Anderson was chosen from among 300 contestants to appear with the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra in the summer concerts in Lewisohn Stadium.

Last week Marian Anderson returned to New York a full grown woman and artist. Poised, calm, (and her audience swore,

*Most famous case of sleeping sickness is that of Patricia Maguire of Oak Park, Illinois, who, last February, began her sixth year of almost totally blank unconsciousness. She is a victim of what doctors call *encephalitis lethargica*, a form of narcolepsy thought to be caused by an unidentifiable virus attacking the brain. No effective form of treatment is known. The disease is different from the common African form of sleeping sickness, caused by the bite of the *tsetse* fly, which introduces an organism into the blood. African sleeping victims never recover spontaneously, usually die swiftly; sleeping beauties such as Patricia Maguire and Virginia Oman, recover spontaneously or not at all.

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BARKS SHIN ON DESK DRAWER

Absorbine Jr. from office medicine chest relieves painful bruise

"MY desk drawer was open," writes Mr. J. O.*, business man of Denver, "and in getting up in a hurry I barked my shin most painfully. It stung and burned like blazes. I hobbled to the medicine chest and there, fortunately, found a bottle of Absorbine Jr. I tell you, sirs, I never experienced a more gratifying, soothing sensation of relief than when I applied your wonderful liniment."

Easing and relieving, Absorbine Jr. comes in handy so often to soothe and comfort painful accidents to the muscles—wrenches, sprains, bumps, bruises, muscular rheumatic stiffness and soreness. No other liniment comes to you more highly recommended by so many doctors and nurses.

Why not make this fine old friend your family liniment? Applied promptly after trouble occurs, relief from pain and swelling is usually prompt and gratifying. Also famous for Athlete's Foot. And thrifty to use, since a little goes a long way. $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write to W. F. Young, Inc., 345 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

*Based on actual letter in our files

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot

beautiful), she left Carnegie Hall listeners awe-stricken at her artistry and vocal technique. Her full, rich contralto voice functioned equally well on Brahms *lieder* and Negro spirituals. The intervening twelve years of concertizing and hard study have left her a well-nigh perfect artist.

The path of the Negro artist is never easy. Had he been born anywhere but in London, Samuel Coleridge-Taylor's parentage might have been enough to submerge one of the greatest musical geniuses of the turn-of-the-century period.

Instead, the dark son of a full-blooded African Negro surgeon and a young English society woman became the first musician of African blood to receive world recognition. Yet his music was distinctly Negro.

Start—Before his early death in 1912, Coleridge-Taylor made three visits to the United States. As conductor of the Handel Society of London, as Professor of Music at Trinity College (Oxford), and as a composer in his own right, he deeply impressed American Negroes. His encouragement and example were largely responsible for the birth of serious American Negro musicianship.

Coleridge-Taylor's visits had several specific results. Music societies and clubs sprang up among Negroes in all the large Atlantic Coastal cities. Negroes, turning away from spirituals, insisted on the study and production of more serious music. Music conservatories and schools for Negroes were founded; Negroes were admitted to the existing conservatories.

The societies and clubs they formed offered encouragement and opportunity to every Negro musician of any promise; as a result, the majority of Negro musicians who have reached prominence were first introduced to the white public through one of the societies. Such a one is Roland Hayes, world-famed tenor. Another is Marian Anderson.

Slow—Marian Anderson's rise has not been particularly sensational, nor, except for these final stages of recognition, dramatic.

She was born twenty-nine years ago in Philadelphia. She had three sisters, and when her father died, her mother took in laundry and did housework to support the brood. Marian started singing in the Baptist Church down on the corner when she was six. It was not many years before the parishioners realized that she had a really lovely voice. An unusual one, too. The legend runs that whenever the soprano, tenor, baritone, or bass were absent, she sang their parts.

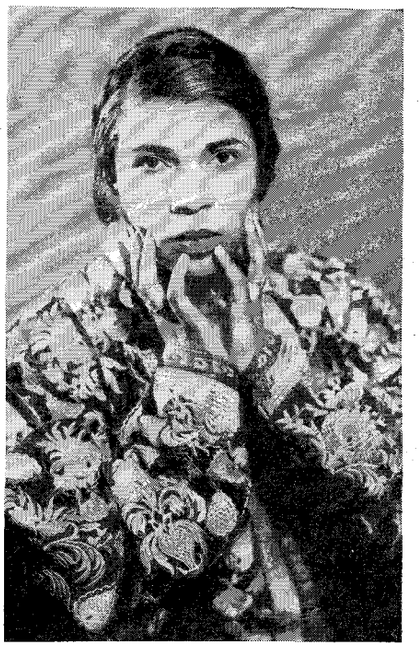
The local Negro gentry, excited at their discovery, decided that Marian should have a musical education. Pennies, nickels, dimes, were dropped into the hat and Giuseppa Boghetti, a teacher of excellent reputation, took charge of Marian.

Boghetti gave Marian Anderson her first formal music education, and he is still her teacher. He taught her how to get the best results from her naturally beautiful voice, and he taught her the repertoire so necessary to a concert singer.

Winner—Meanwhile, she continued singing in church, and wherever else she could get engagements. Finally, in 1925, she won the Philharmonic Contest.

For the next seven years Marian Anderson sang in the United States under well-meaning, but poor, management.

In 1932 Miss Anderson and teacher Boghetti departed for Europe, backed by another neighborhood contribution. In Europe her spark became a flare. She



Marian Anderson . . . "a voice like hers occurs once in 100 years"

appeared triumphantly in Paris, Berlin, Helsingfors, Moscow. In Salzburg Arturo Toscanini heard her and said, "A voice like hers occurs once in a hundred years."

Then impresario Sol Hurok brought the turning-point. On one of his yearly European scouting tours, Hurok heard Marian Anderson in Salzburg. He dashed back-stage and signed her for American appearances. That was in 1935.

American Fame—Europe having listened and adored, the United States followed. In Miss Anderson's first New York concert last December, she was hailed as another Lilli Lehmann.

Now Marian Anderson is a gracious, cultured woman. She is tall and stately, and wears her Paris gowns beautifully. Her speaking voice is low and well-modulated. It is almost as musical as her singing voice. Her large brown eyes have seen audiences cheering, whistling and stomping, but she remains unchanged. In New York she lives with her secretary at one of the better hotels. In Philadelphia she still lives in the same frame house where she grew up.

Marian Anderson still does not regard herself as any better than the Philadelphia parishioners whose opinion she worked so hard to vindicate.

Religion

MATE-HUNT: Lovers' Church in Oklahoma City Crowded With Women, Neglected by Men

"We've got a good-looking bunch of men in that corner," Dr. W. A. McKeever of the Lovers' Church said at his service last week.

With much rustling, 150 women craned eager necks to survey six men huddled together in one corner of the little Oklahoma City church. Red-faced, the six men slumped lower in their seats, listened with frozen attention as the nationally known author and psychologist urged the

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women to round up more "'fraidy calves of men."

"More of them will come in," he predicted, "ashamed of themselves for not having come earlier."

Doctor McKeever, delving for years into failures and successes in marriage, chuckles that farmers know how to pick calves at 4-H shows but know little about picking wives. He believes that they should select partners graded on work, leisure, social contacts, religious life and health.

The Lovers' Church, the Doctor announced, would devote itself to brief interdenominational services to be followed by social get-togethers. For the nonce, he wants his parishioners "to break the ice." Later, will come the "mixing."

Start—Buttonholed by reporters, Doctor McKeever explained that he got his idea for a lovers' church twenty-five years ago when he was a professor at Kansas State College. Investigating 400 marriages of graduates of this Manhattan, Kansas, school, he found that only two had resulted in divorce. This convinced him, he said, that these graduates were better grounded in "certain fundamentals" than others who had not had their training. So he decided to impart such training.

No novice as an idea-man or originator, sixty-nine-year-old Doctor McKeever settled down in Oklahoma City, founded his famed School of Maturates, which helps persons from seventy to 100. He created the national "Home Training Bulletins" and the Juvenile Welfare Institute, wrote such books as "Love's Fulfilment," "Side-Stepping Divorce" and "Living a Century." He says he has more than 10,000 clippings about himself which he hasn't read, is against "mossback ideas and outworn traditions." A Methodist, he eschews politics, opposes the New Deal.

Deity—Constant requests by women to bring them into contact with the opposite sex convinced him that Oklahoma City's need was a lovers' church. He said that only God knows his projects before he springs them.

Membership is confined to women over twenty and to men twenty-five or older. There were to be no dues, the rent of church quarters was to be paid out of collections. Word soon spread among Oklahoma women and the lovers' church bounced into the national press.

Last week, to hold his parishioners' interest, Doctor McKeever announced two prizes of $25 each to persons anywhere in the United States for the best ten-point plans for selecting a proper mate. One will go to a woman, one to a man.

Said Doctor McKeever: "The idea of the Lovers' Church is not necessarily for marriages and match-making, but to expand the lives of its members. If the results incidentally lead to marriage, that's fine."

BEST-SELLER: Bible's Twenty-Seven Million Copies Last Year; New Translations

All last year America raved over such best-sellers as "Gone With the Wind" and "Live Alone and Like It." Sales soared to the hundreds of thousands.

No such publicity marked the public purchase of the Bible, but, as usual, it held its own as the world's No. 1 best-seller.

During 1936, it was announced by the American Bible Society at its annual meeting last week, 27,000,000 copies of the religious work had been sold throughout the world. Of this number, the Society was responsible for 290,000 Bibles, 398,486 Testaments and 7,078,822 portions of the Scriptures.

These were published in 166 languages and dialects and in an additional twenty-six characters, including the different systems for the blind.

Places—The 7,000,000-odd total was an increase of 542,205 over 1935. Areas of increased distribution included:

Mexico—up 10,000—largest number of Bibles sold since beginning of the Society's work there sixty years ago;

Brazil—up 13,000, most since work started there in 1876;

China—more complete Bibles since modern missionary work started there;

Japan—up 1,000,000 Bibles and sections.

The chief reasons given for this gain were stimulation of interest due to the 400th anniversary of the Coverdale Bible, the American National Preaching Mission and the growth of literacy and wide-spread building of modern highways in South America and Asia.

In Argentina a gasoline tax is being used to build fine roads so that remote places soon can be reached with Bible coaches and in Japan, twenty *colporteurs* traveled approximately 39,426 miles, which represents a circle of about one and one-half times around the world.

These *colporteurs* are natives who carry on the Society's distributive work. They travel by launch, Bible coach (truck or trailer fitted up as a showroom for Bibles), bicycles, autos and ox-carts. Known since earliest days of mission work as *colporteurs*, they soon may be called something else if the Society's search for a new name for the workers carrying on its activities succeeds.

New—The two foremost translations last year were: The New Testament for the first time into Mam dialect—that of a 200,000-strong Indian tribe in Guatemala—and for the first time completely into Samareno, a Filipino dialect. The Guatemalan work was done by the Rev. and Mrs. H. Dudley Peck.

They had been in the field fifteen years and for a decade had been working on this translation.

Also completed was the revision of the Turkish Bible into Roman letters from Arabic script, officially outlawed in Turkey.

Established 121 years ago, the American Bible Society has ten branches in America, twelve foreign agencies. It works in cooperation with the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Bible Society of Scotland.

It sells Bibles at or below cost; in many cases gives them to missionary organizations for free distribution.

Several Protestant denominations, including Methodist, Episcopalian and Presbyterian, contribute in return for help it gives missionaries. The biggest foreign sales usually are in China and Japan. Last year's peak in America was reached in New York and New Jersey. The Society does no work in Europe.

How much of a best-seller is the Bible? The American Bible Society alone has distributed 276,354,391 copies since its organization.

Estimates are that a grand total of 960,000,000 have been sold the world over since Johann Gutenberg printed the first book version in 1448.

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Severo Antonelli

Virginio Gayda basks in official sunshine

Press

EDITOR-DUCE: Mussolini's Blue Pencil and Own Paper Rule Italian Journalism

Without warning, Benito Mussolini last week raised newspaper men to the status of diplomats during one of his pouts at *John Bull's* island.

There was a real Coronation in London, but before it came off *Il Duce* did his unofficial crowning in the ranks of the press by jerking all Italian correspondents out of England. With the same swift hand he raised Italian bars against all English newspapers except *The Daily Mail*, *The Evening News* and *The Observer*—excepted because they showed the necessary "objectivity" in chronicling Fascist trends.

British officials decided they would be able "to withstand the horrible impact." By way of retaliation, the British Broadcasting Company saved a bit of money. It engaged thirty broadcasters, speaking every tongue of the Western World except Italian, to describe the Coronation to all the globe, save Italy.

Out—To make the week a still more spectacular journalistic success in Italy, an old pastime was revived. Miss Elizabeth McKenzie, Rome correspondent for London's *News Chronicle*, was expelled. She thus joins the large and distinguished body of news-gatherers asked to leave or escorted across borders of nations with a controlled press during the past twenty years.

There were several reasons for the latest Anglo-Italian spat. One is that Premier Mussolini wanted to be sure his pet going-on got front-page attention without too much competition from ambitious cheerleaders across the borders. *Il Duce* had his own show—the first anniversary of creation of the Fascist Empire by conquest of Ethiopia.

Moreover, Premier Mussolini just can't understand why the English papers insist upon publishing so many facts so much of the time—when these facts are not to the glory of Rome. The presence in England of former Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, grumbling over Mediterranean strength, continual references to the reasons for Britain's mighty rearmament program and mention of Italian defeats in Spain are a few of the news subjects which harass the Italian master mind.

A nine-word official *communiqué* by the Stefani news-agency in Italian newspapers, therefore, was the only mention of the Coronation except for three columns in *L'Osservatore Romano*, Vatican newspaper.

Views—The Vatican State is independent of Italy and its press is free to print what it likes. While not an official mouthpiece for the Vatican, *L'Osservatore Romano* generally embodies Papal views which are circulated throughout the country for Roman Catholics. And, according to the census of 1931, 99.6 per cent. of the Italians are Catholics—a total of 41,017,369.

Premier Mussolini, nevertheless, knows his way about as an editor. He was an energetic figure in newspaper circles as head of *Popolo d'Italia* long before he became a world power. Nowadays, he has a few new tricks which would make other newspaper owners turn somersaults of glee.

For one, when *Popolo d'Italia* publishes an important editorial revealing a government line of policy or important official pronouncement, which is often, the rest of the trembling editors announce:

"*Popolo d'Italia* to-day carries an important article on such and such a subject."

The announcement also hints that every red-blooded, well-intentioned, Empire-loving Italian should rush to the nearest newsstand and buy the latest inside dope—"hot from the official desk—straight from the bedside."

Free Ad—Other newspapers are not allowed to reproduce the article until the following day, so curious persons must buy Mussolini's little gold-mine of a newspaper. Then, next day, all newspapers are required to reproduce the pronunciamento, giving credit to *Popolo d'Italia*.

It's particularly tough on *Corriere della Sera*, rival of *Popolo d'Italia*. Under dictatorship competition-regulations, it must call attention to *Popolo's* scoops, reprinting the articles with credit.

This is only one of Owner-Publisher Mussolini's ruses. He has a large advertising and subscription corps which combs Italy, reminding merchants how wise it would be to have a ten-year subscription and a few ads in *Popolo*.

Italy's strained relations with a few Powers in the past few months have brought a new figure to the foreground in Italy. He is Virginio Gayda, forty-two-year-old Editor of *Giornale d'Italia*. His sharp attacks on Britain, carefully worded and phrased, have rocketed him high in Italian journalistic circles.

His position dates back to when Count Galeazzo Ciano was Minister of Press and Propaganda, then later Foreign Minister. Ciano was looking for a mouthpiece for the Foreign office and Gayda was his man.

Spokesman—Editor Gayda is recognized throughout Europe for his knowledge of foreign affairs and international questions. Also, after ten years as an editor of *Giornale*, he is now the admitted mouthpiece of the Foreign Office.

Last week, Gayda jumped on Sen. William E. Borah for remarks made about fascism. The fiery Italian writer accused the Idaho lawmaker of creating uproars in the Senate merely to retain his reputation of expert on foreign affairs. Gayda asserts Borah is constitutionally incapable of understanding European politics.

Gayda also warned America to beware of communism. He further wrote that American history dripped with the blood of free peoples attacked and massacred in the name of the Empire to be built; also that the American people exterminated the natives of the continent by fire and sword.

After obtaining a law degree at Turin University, Gayda took a postgraduate course in political economy at the same institution. At twenty-three he became a newspaper man, later was sent as a special correspondent to Central and Eastern Europe for the Turin *Stampa*. When the World War broke out, he was in Russia. So he entered the Italian Diplomatic Service with political and military duties.

Remaining in Russia until May, 1918, he was sent on a diplomatic mission to Sweden, later to London. In February, 1921, he resumed newspaper work as Editor of *Messagero* in his native Rome.

Education

SWING IT: College "Proms" Crowded Again and Expenses of an Escort Mount

Dazzling co-eds in filmy evening gowns. . . .
Handsome youths in black formal garb. . . .
Soft music and soft lights, a burnished dancing-floor. . . .
Flowers and festoons, chaperons, mayhap a drink or two. . . .

Such is the gala spring splurge of college life—the "prom."

This year, after the long economic drought, college proms are gay and costly—a sure index to papa's pocketbook and, hence, that of the nation.

Attendance figures, slashed almost in

Swathey—Yale News

Yale's junior prom changes hands in traditional "Wooden Spoon" ceremony

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half in the bleak years, are high again. Expenses, cut to the bone at State universities and as much as 15 per cent. even at posh Princeton, no longer are terrifying.

A generation tailored for "smoothness" (Young American for unruffled social poise) is dancing at the proms this year. The rowdy hilarity of the "collegiate" 'twenties is missing. Students drink their spirits from glasses, not hip-flasks; their "hot" music is not taken straight but mixed with "sweet" and "swing."

Burden—For the individual male student who has to count his pennies, the prom has another aspect. "Carrying a girl" to a dance, as the Southerners put it, takes half, maybe all, of the average lad's monthly allowance.

This is how the money goes: Orchestras constitute the major expense item in any prom budget. Student committees pay from $100 (rare) to $1,650 (amount Rudy Vallee and his trumpeters charged Yale in February) to the $1,400 figure Ohio State will pay Ozzie Nelson next week and the $1,500 other schools put forth for two-band combinations. "Big names," as in the theater and movie-houses, are the drawing-card for any successful prom.

Flowers, with gardenias most prevalent but orchids preferred, cost from $1.50 to $5. At Yale and Princeton there's a no-flower tradition for proms, tho they're allowed at breakfasts and tea-dances. At Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts, upper-class women made merry last week at the biggest junior prom and dinner-dance since 1923. Only prom officials were allowed to wear posies, which thus constituted a self-evident mark of distinction.

Drinks—Tickets range from $3 to $10, last-day price at Yale. Liquor, varying in amount and quality, costs on the average from the $1 paid by Ohio State men for their pint, to $15 or more spent at cocktail parties or bars at Eastern or Pacific Coast schools.

Excluding clothing and personal grooming costs (which run high for the women), average expenses for a couple on prom week-end at representative schools run something like this: Princeton, $25 ($15 stag); Harvard, $20; Yale, $20; Wisconsin, $15; Smith, $12; University of California, $10; Ohio State, $7.

Total budgets run into the thousands, often providing a tidy nest-egg for committeemen, such as the $1,500 reputed to have gone in March to the Princeton prom committee out of a $3,000 expense-list. Wisconsin's prom costs about $3,000; Harvard's "very democratic" Senior Spread Dance, only $1,700; Vassar's senior prom, on a Coronation theme this year, $1,150.

Some schools turn proceeds over to the class treasury or general scholarship fund, or, as at Ohio State, half to the prom sinking-fund, which has made up for losses on unsuccessful dances since bad times in 1934 prompted its establishment.

Leaders—Some proms have queens, elected, appointed, or chosen by the chairman as his guest. Chairmen often are elected, sometimes appointed by campus leaders. Their position is remunerative, as well as honorary, by tacit consent, altho the campus seldom knows how much they clear.

"Prom" has become a sort of generic term for all big college dances. None is literally that, however, unless it boasts a grand march or "promenade," during which campus notables and their ladies, in order of temporary importance, parade around the dance-floor.

At the Yale junior prom, most famous of these affairs since 1848, the grand march is held at midnight. It ends with presentation of the historic three-foot wooden spoon. This is a sign of chairmanship, given to the junior chairman by the senior who held that position the previous year.

At the University of Virginia, Washington and Lee and other Southern schools, spring parties are called "finals." They take up an entire week-end. Some start at midnight, end with breakfast-dances at fraternity houses. Princeton, Williams, Amherst and other Eastern men's schools import girls from near-by schools for "house-parties," their biggest social splurges. Most military schools term their big dances "hops" or "balls." But the name "prom," because of its traditional "class," has been appropriated by most small schools for their chief event.

"LINES": Tulane Men Classify "Approaches" From Newcomb Co-Eds and Vice Versa

The Setting

A moonlit night on the campus of Newcomb College in New Orleans. Soft June breezes, heavy with the fragrance of magnolia-blossoms, carry the slow syncopation of a distant orchestra.

The Characters

Sophia, Newcomb College's *Cleopatra*, her blonde head thrown back as she looks up starry-eyed into the handsome face of a *Casanova* from Tulane.

The Dialog

Cleopatra: "To think that I've met you after all these months! Watching down there on the playing-field, so remote from poor little me, I never dreamed that one day—"

Casanova: "If I had known! If I had known how divinely you dance—how soft your hair is—"

* * *

As the sweethearts go into a clinch that makes further words impossible, the unsuspected listener naturally would conclude that here is the flowering of true young love.

But, in the opinion of Glendy Culligan, girl postgraduate student at Newcomb, nothing is further from the truth. *Cleopatra* simply has started her conversation with "line No. 1"; *Casanova* has given his masculine reply in traditional "line No. 2."

Miss Glendy Culligan has made a survey of her campus colleagues to prove what she always has suspected: Every campus has a set style for "lines" (the lingual artifices employed in courting).

Publishing the result of her survey in a student publication article entitled, "Campus *Casanovas* Scorn Girls' Lines," Miss Culligan said that a survey of neighboring Tulane men showed that they thought they could spot a "line" in three minutes, furthermore could classify those used by Newcomb girls into four classes:

1. Hero worship: They combine it with clinging-vine tactics such as: "You great, big, wonderful man!" Football-players hear this one most often. ("Bucky" Bryan, Tulane's All-American half-back, says he's sick of it, prefers an "indifferent" approach.)
2. Inferiority complex: "I can't see why you bother with poor little me when there are so many pretty girls around." (Boys familiar with this one regard themselves as victims of blackmail.)
3. Superiority complex: "Guess who I was out with last night? And guess where

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During the first few months of this year, travel on Southern Pacific's picturesque **West Coast Route** to **Mexico City** increased 74%. Reason: returning travelers told their friends about Southern Pacific's picturesque new **Hotel Playa de Cortés** at **Guaymas,** the "South Sea Island" charm of **Mazatlan,** the exciting journey through the *Barrancas of Nayarit,* the treasure-filled markets and skilled Indian craftsmen of **Guadalajara.**

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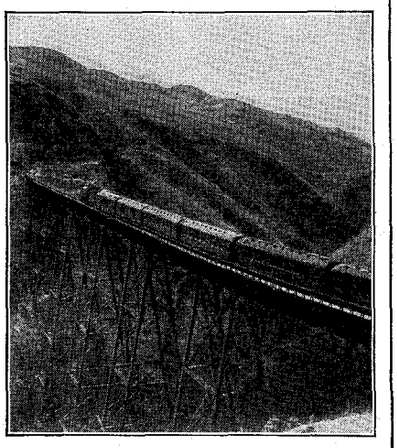

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Southern Pacific

WEST COAST OF MEXICO ROUTE

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we went? It's just one date after another—" (Generally, say Tulane men, she wasn't out at all.)

4. Monolineal and bilineal: Monolineal girls have but one "line" and stick to it. Bilineals change their stories to fit the man, but are heading for trouble when Tulane men cross-reference them.

Newcomb girls, who may squabble with Tulane men by day, tho they stroll with them through Audubon Park by night, have done some classifying of their own. Here's the way, so the girls say, Tulane boys do their courting:

1. Indefinite approach: Coming from persuasive lads, this "line," which hints at everything but actually says nothing, gives the impression of sincerity. "You want to believe it but can't," one girl explained.
2. Stock stuff, mostly complimentary: "You dance divinely," and "You look beautiful to-night."
3. A group defying classification: The girls call it "being yourself with a few embellishments."

Some of the Tulane lads like a line, others don't. Most regard one as an invitation to string it back. It has to be pretty good to get a second audience at all, they say. Yet, some like student Editor Donald F. Schultz, who estimated that 75 per cent. of the Newcomb girls use lines, generally add, "Perhaps, however, there's just one girl who doesn't. My girl."

Law

SCANDAL: Legal Routine Used to Get Cheap Servants Charged; Human Misery Bared

What happens when shrewd lawyers, complaisant courts and greedy society women prey upon the feeble-minded?

Last week Dr. Leo Kanner of Johns Hopkins Medical School gave the answer to members of the American Psychiatric Association (see page 17), assembled for their annual meeting in Pittsburgh.

The lawyers concerned wanted fees, the courts were careless, the society women wanted cheap domestic help.

They found what they wanted in the Baltimore Training School for the Feeble-Minded, according to Doctor Kanner, who had made a complete case-study of the destinies of 102 girls released from the institution on writs of *habeas corpus*.

Price—Doctor Kanner's study left no doubt as to the shocking results, both to the individuals and to society, of this laxity. Prostitution, communicable disease, death and misery followed in almost all cases. Socially, the worst result was the birth of 108 feeble-minded children.

"It is up to the psychiatric group to give a better understanding to the lawyers and judges," concluded the forty-two-year-old German-born psychiatrist.

That the particular situation described by Doctor Kanner is general does not seem to be borne out by facts. Officials queried in many States declared that release of morons from institutions was rare and granted only upon approval of the institution. In the Baltimore scandal Doctor Kanner said the officials of the school had repeatedly filed protests against the releasing of patients.

Plan—What happened, he said, was simple. A shortage of domestic help during the prosperous '20's gave some smart lawyer, whom he designated as "A," the idea. The lawyer discovered the name of a girl who was doing domestic work in the training school, applied to the court for a writ of *habeas corpus*.

In a great many such cases which followed the girls knew nothing of the applications until summoned to court. There the lawyer obtained a judicial order for their release from the school in the care of the women who wanted to take them.

The lawyer got his fees, the women got their domestic servants. Doctor Kanner alleged that "Judge X," had authorized the release of no fewer than eighty-one persons. While Lawyer "A" was the principal figure in the cases, there was a Lawyer "B" who operated similarly.

A Tale of Greed

How legal laxity and private greed combined to levy a tax upon society and individuals was bared in a case history study by Dr. Leo Kanner of Baltimore of 102 women released from the Baltimore Training School for the Feeble-Minded. In virtually every case officials of the home had protested the releases. The record reads:

Prostitution claimed twenty-nine victims.
Early death took eleven of the girls.
Communicable disease tainted seventeen.
Prison sentences were given to six.
Forty-eight married "unemployables."
Eight became insane.
"Guardians" brutally mistreated two.
The women bore 165 children.
Of these, 108 are feeble-minded.
Only thirteen girls adjusted normally.

Of the entire group studied by Doctor Kanner, only thirteen adjusted themselves to life "in a manner which has brought no serious damage to the patients themselves and the community."

Underpaid—The psychiatrist declared that the feeble-minded girls whose cases he had studied were literally sold "into slavery." Some received no wages whatever, some got pocket-money for candy and movies, others were paid at the whim of their mistresses. None received normal wages for domestic service.

But sad as the individual fate of these girls was, the burden passed on to society was still sadder. Crime, disease and social evils followed almost every one studied.

A few, the more fortunate, were returned to the school. Some died.

Seventeen of the women released acquired and transmitted serious communicable diseases, including tuberculosis, syphilis and gonorrhea. Eleven died between the ages of nineteen and thirty-two, eight of them within five years after release from the school. All were in normal health when released. Seven deaths were due to tuberculosis, one to syphilis, one of acute nephritis resulting from merciless beatings at the hands of an irresponsible brother.

In many of the cases near relatives of the girls were not even notified by Attorney "A" that he was applying for their release, yet before the court Dr. Kanner charged, he implied that he was acting on behalf of the families. In some cases the relatives were visited by the lawyer, told of "hardships and abuse" suffered at the institution, of the splendid home he had obtained for the patient, and inveigled into signing applications for *habeas corpus*.

In and Out—One girl, an imbecile epileptic first released in 1920, ultimately was returned to the school as the result of sexual offenses.

The same judge released her again in 1932, "paroling" her to her father. The attorney in the case had assured the court that the father could provide "an excellent home." Subsequent investigation showed this to be a dirty, tumble-down hovel. Ultimately the girl was sent back to the school again.

Another girl was released in March, 1930, and paroled to her father despite the fact that he was a feeble-minded drunkard who had been jailed many times for not supporting his family.

The net result to society in this case was that the woman became a prostitute, a cocain addict, acquired gonorrhea, married a bootlegger, was admitted twice to the psychopathic ward of Baltimore City Hospital, three times to Johns Hopkins and twice to the State Hospital.

Nearly a third of the girls whose cases were studied became prostitutes after their release from the school. Six served terms in prison.

As Wives—But what is more serious from the social view-point is the record of the forty-eight who married.

"A study of the husbands' backgrounds," said Doctor Kanner, ". . . shows that not one of them can be considered as endowed with normal or near-normal intelligence."

Ten of them, "making every possible allowance," he describes as "relatively stable and responsible individuals. All the others were shiftless unemployables."

Many of the husbands were diseased. Fourteen of them were habitual drunkards. Seven had prison records. No fewer than seventeen ultimately abandoned their wives and families.

And worst of all, these marriages produced no fewer than 165 children, 108 of whom are "obviously and incontestably feeble-minded."

A typical case history of the scores studied by Doctor Kanner involved a girl who almost immediately ran away from the home provided and within less than three months had married three different men. Her first husband infected her with a disease which she promptly transmitted to the next two.

She was arrested for bigamy, but the case against her was dropped when it was discovered that all three of her husbands were married to other women when they married her.

Real medical treatment of the mentally ill is only about a century old, and when mental hospitals first came into existence it was extremely easy to commit individuals, difficult to get them released.

In fact, no special laws regarding commitments were passed until the second quarter of the nineteenth century. Police authorities, courts, overseers of the poor, *etc.*, all had commitment powers. The famous Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia once committed a man to an asylum by scrawling on a chance bit of paper, "James Sproul is a proper patient for the Pennsylvania Hospital."

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The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

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As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

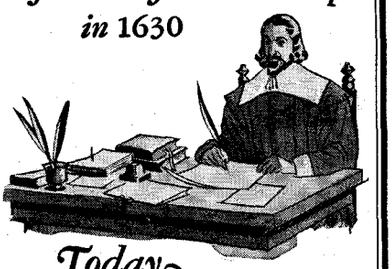
To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

football, how old.—"H. L.," St. Albans, L. I.—In some form *football* seems to have been played in all ages and throughout the world. The ancient Greeks played *harpaston,* Latinized when introduced into ancient Rome as *harpastum.* Early travelers to the Polynesian Islands found the natives playing with a *football* made of bamboo fibers, and the Eskimos play with a *football* of leather filled with moss. In England the game existed as early as 1175, and was so popular that, interfering with the warlike pastime of archery, in 1314 Edward II forbade any game of *football* on pain of imprisonment. Despite that edict, the game is mentioned by many writers from Chaucer to Shakespeare. *Football* came to America along with the Virginia colonists, and random play with an inflated bladder was a common sport by the boys of early America. The first record of running with the ball, rather than kicking it, is credited to a schoolboy, William Webb Ellis, in 1823, to whom a memorial tablet was erected at Rugby as the progenitor of the Rugby game of football. The American game is an outgrowth based upon Rugby.

mug.—"H. F.," London, England.—Sam Slick in "The Clock Maker," published in 1836, first made use of the expression "Hold your *mug,*" when addressing a person whom he wished to admonish to "shut up." *Mug,* in the sense of "a stupid or incompetent person," may be found in Matsell's "Vocabulary of Thieves' Cant and Slang Terms," which he compiled when Chief of Police of New York City, and published in 1859. The term was used two years later by Henry Mayhew in "London Labor and London Poor": "We sometimes have a greenhorn wants to go out pitching with us—a *mug,* we calls them." But *mugs* of more recent use refer to various other things besides fools, simpletons, and stupid, inexperienced persons; for, *mug* means the mouth or the face, and in the dialect of Yorkshire, England, the Wensleydale sheep, with smooth blue faces, were first called *mugs* by farmers who still use the term in speaking to each other of their sheep. As applied to sheep, the term *mug* is commonly used in North Britain for a breed that produces a great deal of wool. Marshall in his "Reports on Agriculture," printed in 1818 (vol. I, p. 99), described them as, "The long-woolled sheep called *mugs,* probably from their faces being covered with a muff of wool." According to the *Zoologist* (vol. III, p. 256, third series), the term spread southward for, by 1879, Leicester tups, a breed of sheep, were also called *mugs* in the dale. A sheep without horns was also a *mug* in Yorkshire and Lancashire. In England, *mug* is used, in Cumberland, as a term of endearment; in Devonshire, for the rump of an animal, and in Northern Ireland, for a sulky person.

"A Paradise" wrote Governor John Winthrop in 1630



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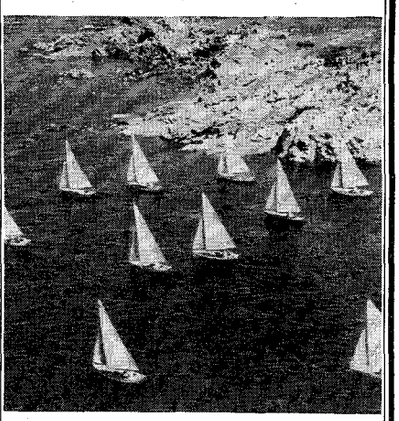

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TEN YEARS AFTER THE LONE EAGLE

Lindbergh's Flight to Paris Heralded Coming Atlantic Service

Claude Ryan and a group of grease-monkeys watched the graceful silver monoplane climb, side-slip, bank and dive. Finally, it came skimming in for a landing on the San Diego Field.

A leggy young man untangled himself from a 450-pound gas-tank which all but sat in his lap and hopped out of the pilot's seat.

He nodded gravely to the man who had built the ship and let his blue eyes run thoughtfully along her trim lines.

"It's a good ship," said Charles A. Lindbergh.

It was a good ship. *The Spirit of St. Louis* made the cross-country flight in two hops. Ten years ago this week, on May 20, 1927, she quivered down the dawn-lit runway of Roosevelt Field and headed bravely east. Through day and night, and day again, the ship droned on, to land at Le Bourget, just outside Paris, after thirty-three hours and twenty minutes aloft.

Past—Four hundred-odd years before Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Christopher Columbus had started an Atlantic route with one decked ship and two caravels. The *Santa Maria* displaced 100 tons; *Pinta*, fifty tons; *Niña*, forty tons. Now, the *Pinta* and *Niña* are both outweighed and outmeasured by the seventy-two-passenger Boeing-Pan American Clippers being built for transatlantic service. (See cover.) Moreover, they could fly in the substratosphere, be completely invisible to the seabound crew of a ghostly *Niña* or *Pinta*. Flying-boats displacing as much as 500 tons have been predicted by Igor Sikorsky, noted designer of other Pan American Clippers.

Lindbergh's lone eagle feat in 1927 captured the popular imagination and gave a frenzied stimulus to aviation.

Other men had flown the Atlantic before, but always in pairs, and the fear of death is a lesser thing when met in company, as any soldier knows.

It was a tide in the affairs of men. Aviation rode it to fortune. The Wright Whirlwind motor of *The Spirit of St. Louis* delivered 200 horse-power. Soon, 1,500 will be commonplace. Motors improved; planes had to be refined to equal them; cleaner designs required lustier motors and so the cycle ran.

Transcontinental air-lines were established, Pan American Airways spanned the Pacific with a fleet of Clipper ships. Pan American, with Britain's Imperial Airways, is completing a base for flying-boats at the mouth of the Shannon, near the Island of Foynes, off Ireland's southern coast.

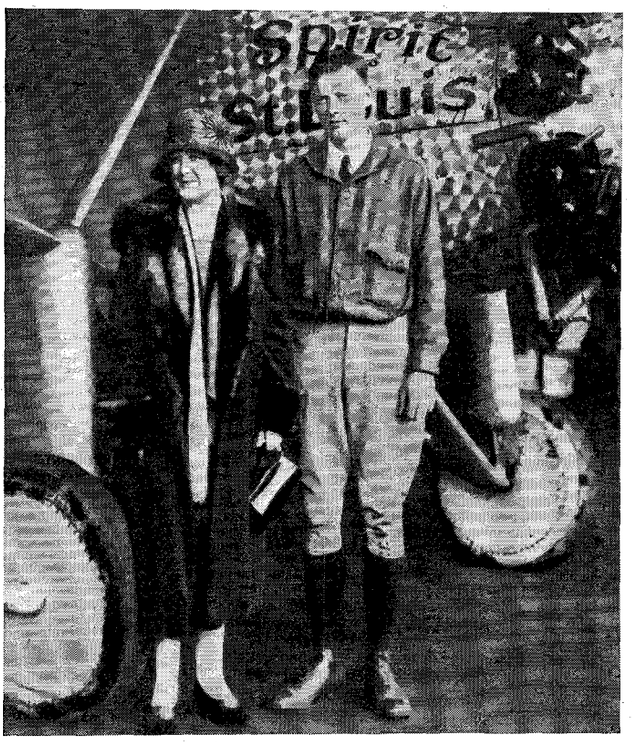
Colonel Lindbergh approved the choice of the site. There, clippers of the air soon will land on a regular 3,000-mile, twenty-four-hour schedule from New York *via* Newfoundland.

Yet it was only yesterday, as progress goes, that Lindbergh climbed into *The Spirit of St. Louis*, stuffed sandwiches and thermos-bottle conveniently under the seat, and said "Let's go." Women wore knee-length dresses. Calvin Coolidge was pondering whether he would "choose to run."

Harry F. Sinclair was protesting a three-month jail sentence for contempt for refusing to answer Senatorial questions in the Teapot Dome scandal.

The *Majestic*, now retired, was the world's largest ship. The Mississippi had spilled over Dixie in an unprecedented flood.

This week, fliers are debating the wisdom of the New York-to-Paris Air Race organized in France to commemorate the tenth anniversary of Lindbergh's flight. It is scheduled for August. The National Aeronautical Association politely suggested to the French that a permanent postponement would be in order.



Before the transatlantic hop ten years ago this week: Charles Lindbergh, his mother and his "good ship"

Fear of a tragedy like the Dole Race to Hawaii in 1927 was one factor in the request; another, more important, the fear that with North Atlantic air-service an imminent reality, accidents in a stunt flight might tend to sour the public on transatlantic services.

About it all, Colonel Lindbergh says nothing. If, this week, weighing what his prize has brought him against its cost, would he, in his secret heart, take the glory road again? As to that, only Colonel Lindbergh and one woman—his wife—will know.

Gone—Myron Herrick, who opened the American Embassy to Lindbergh in Paris, is dead. Marshal Foch, Joffre and Premier Briand, who fêted him, are dead. King Albert of Belgium, who bestowed on him the insignia of Chevalier of the Royal Order of Leopold, is dead. So is King George V, who pinned the Air Force Cross to Lindbergh's breast in Buckingham Palace. Dead, too, are Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., and Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

Figures, all of them, moving in a fateful pattern too fantastic to be anything but real.

Colonel Lindbergh lives abroad to-day, a self-appointed exile from his own land, which deified him and, as he must have thought, crucified him. Ten years after, his face is molded in harder planes of strength. Much that was a boy in him is gone.

His stature grows as he moves down the path of legend. To him have come fame, bitterness and heartache beyond the normal lot of man.

In the Smithsonian Institution hangs that other part of him, *The Spirit of St. Louis*, mute and disdainful of the stares of hero-worshipers.

If planes have souls, as airmen come to think, this slender ship with earthbound wings is living in the past, dreaming of a laconic accolade:

"It's a good ship," said "Lucky Lindy."

BLACK LIGHT: U. S. Air-Defense Beam Spots Planes Twenty Miles Off

Residents along the New Jersey coast between Long Branch and Red Bank were puzzled last week.

Planes and blimps, flying with lights out in dark night skies, suddenly leaped into visibility as blinding rays of a powerful search-light smacked into them.

Curiously, the beams did not waver like searching fingers, but hit the heart of the aircraft like a bullet spanging into a bull's-eye.

The search-light was doubling for bullets and antiaircraft-guns. Close-mouthed Signal Corps officers at Fort Monmouth were cagy about giving out information, but privately elated by the success of their "black-ray" rifle which gives every promise of wiping out the horror of bombings from the air.

Hot Stuff—Actually, the "black ray" isn't a ray, but an extremely sensitive heat-detecting mechanism — working range, twenty miles.

The heat of a motor, even tho the plane flies so high as to be invisible, is captured by the instrument. Its findings are put through a complicated mechanical brain which spots the unseen ship. Calculations in triangulation, requiring months of a mathematician's time, are turned out by the machine in seconds.

Aiming the search-light by the ray, hits were scored with 100 per cent. accuracy in last week's tests.

Since the ray is invisible, a ground crew can let an attacking plane come within range, then blast it to fragments with a single "archie" shot of the kind developed in modern warfare.

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Sports

KILL HIM! Umpires Work Hard in Big-League Baseball and Don't Mind Boos

"Boo-oo-oo!"
"Robber!"
"Crook!"

Thunderous Bronx cheers resound from the towering grand stands of New York City's Polo Grounds. The wave ripples across the field as indignant bleacherites take up the chorus.

Mel Ott, youthful Giant outfielder called out on a pitch that looked miles wide to home-team baseball fans, turns and mutters something to Umpire Albert D. ("Dolly") Stark.

"Attaboy, Mel!" a trumpet-voiced rooter blares, "that's tellin' the blind bum."

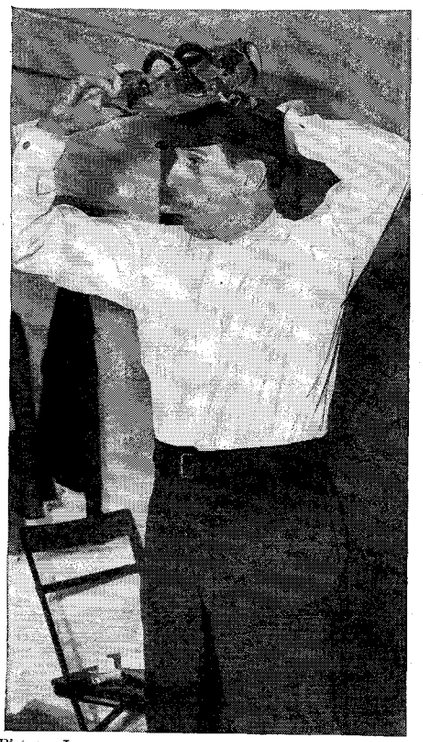
After the game, Ford Frick, now President of the National League, asks Umpire Stark what the Giant player had said.

"Oh, nothing much," says Stark, grinning. "Mel knew that one was good. He just said, 'Dolly, I'd give five dollars to have that ball back again.'"

His Way—This week, back in the blue serge uniform of a National League umpire after a sit-down salary strike which lasted through the 1936 season, Stark is again "calling them as he sees them." He is not taking too seriously the murderous threats of fans. He is listening patiently to players who, nine times out of ten, aren't questioning his decision, but simply grousing about their tough luck.

Unlike the old days, major-league baseball umpires no longer live in daily dread of mayhem. Fans and players have quieted down, usually are content to express dissatisfaction verbally rather than physically.

Yet the big League's twenty-four arbiters lead curiously segregated lives. They more often are maligned than praised for their work by spectators who don't realize the exacting requirements of the job. For in any game the head umpire (behind the plate) and his two assistants (on bases) are the most important men on the field.



Pictures, Inc.

National League umpire "Dolly" Stark meditates his 1936 sit-down strike, goes back to work

Offhand, the job appears to be a soft spot. For six-months' work, two or three hours a day, a major-league umpire is paid from $4,000 to $10,000. On the average he gets a World Series assignment once every five years, which nets $2,500 for a few days' work.

Very few men can qualify for the job. Most big-league umpires got their start in the minor leagues, working years at painfully small salaries. American and National League scouts constantly are combing the minors for umpiring talent. They judge a prospect on knowledge of the rules, keenness of sight, ability to stay in position to see plays, personality, impartiality, psychology of handling men.

During the average game, a head umpire has to make between 250 and 300 decisions, quickly and irrevocably. Technically, it's illegal for a player, manager or coach to protest a decision involving accuracy of judgment. An umpire can not reverse his decision unless it is in violation of the rules, or unless a conference with the other umpires convinces him he has made a mistake.

Boo!—The most controversial decision in major-league history was made on September 23, 1908, by Hank O'Day, famous National League umpire who died in 1935. The Giants were playing the Chicago Cubs at New York. O'Day was behind the plate.

In the last half of the ninth the score was tied. With two out, Harry McCormick of the Giants was on third base and Fred Merkle on first. Albert Bridwell drove a long hit to center-field. McCormick scored and the crowd, thinking the game was over, swarmed out on the field.

Merkle thought the game was over, too. Instead of running to second base, he dashed for the club-house. Johnny Evers, middle man of the famed Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance double-play combine, yelled for the Cubs' center-fielder, Art Hofman, to throw the ball to him. Hofman threw it. But Joe McGinnity, Giants' pitcher, sensed what was happening, intercepted the ball and heaved it into the crowd.

Out—Eventually, a Chicago player recovered the ball and tossed it to Evers, still standing on second base. Evers contended that by doing so he forced out Merkle, therefore nullified McCormick's winning run, leaving the score tied.

O'Day upheld Evers's claim. Because the crowd was milling over the field, it was impossible to continue play. O'Day called the game.

The National League officials sustained O'Day's decision over violent protests by the Giants and ordered a play-off game at the end of the season. The Giants and Cubs were tied for first place when the regular schedule ended. In the play-off, the Cubs won, four to one; later went on to win the World Series.

Trouble—But the daily necessity of making perilously close decisions isn't the biggest worry of a major-league umpire's life. Rain, darkness and special ground-rules adapted to the idiosyncrasies of various ball-parks are his big worries.

The head umpire has sole authority to

SAVINGS of 50%... and more... are the usual experience with Egry Speed-Feed... greatest time- labor- and money-saving device offered since the introduction of the typewriter, to speed up the writing of all multiple copy business forms.

By automatically inserting and removing carbons the Speed-Feed makes all the time of the operator productive. Eliminates the use of costly pre-inserted one time carbons. Attached or detached in an instant, requires no change in typewriter construction or operation, or interfering with its use for correspondence. Literature on request. Demonstrations in your own office without cost or obligation. Address Department LD522.

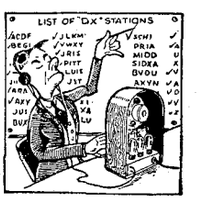
THE EGRY REGISTER CO., Dayton, Ohio

EGRY SPEED-FEED

Tired Burning Feet
Soothed and Comforted by
Cuticura
TALCUM

AMAZING IMPROVEMENT
$1 FOR YOUR RADIO $1
1,308 Sales and Not a Single Return

"After trying many gadgets when a storm blew down my roof aerial, I was astounded at the remarkably clear reception with your indoor *Super-Sensitive Antenna*. I cheerfully, highly recommend it."
(From a recent purchaser, name on request.)



All bother and expense of setting up a troublesome aerial is now unnecessary. This compact antenna can be placed behind furniture, under the rug, behind radiator, anywhere. Attached without tools in one minute. *Not an Eliminator*, but a real aerial. Can be used with any set and *Just the Thing for Your Summer Bungalow*. Movable from room to room with your radio. Marvelous for the houseboat, hotel rooms. No unsightly wires in house or outdoors. Reduces static, eliminates short circuit and lightning dangers. Improves selectivity and tone. *Excellent for Short-Wave Reception*. Price $1.00 plus few cents postage. *Try It. Satisfaction Guaranteed.*

ROYAL AERIAL PRODUCTS
502 Flatiron Building New York, N. Y.

Name.....

Address.....
☐ Send $1.00 with order—Saves postage charges of about 20%.

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stop a game on account of rain or darkness. In a tight series, the fans may get annoyed when a game is called. But slippery footing in the rain, umpires know, may cost a star player a broken bone. Darkness interferes with accurate umpiring.

Umpires don't mind the insults accompanying close decisions. But they are annoyed and hurt by the laughter and applause that goes up every time an umpire is hit by a foul or liner.

During the six-month season, an umpire is expected to live almost like a hermit. On the road he usually takes different trains, stays at different hotels from the ones used by the players.

"No fraternizing with players" is an ancient tradition.

An umpire can't bet on any sports event, never may visit a gambling-house and must be careful about associating with men whose reputations aren't above reproach. And watch his drinking, too.

To avoid even the semblance of suspicion, an umpire's assignments are confidential, are given out only a few days beforehand. Consequently, he never knows very far ahead where he's going to be. He's never home for more than ten days at a time. He can't take his wife on trips.

Umpires on the whole are disliked by fans. One who didn't dislike them was the late Arthur J. Donnelly, St. Louis undertaker. At the end of every game in St. Louis, Donnelly's car and chauffeur would take the umpires to their hotel, or frequently to Donnelly's house for dinner.

Asked why Donnelly got along so well with umpires, one disgruntled player, just ordered out of the game, replied:

"He's used to handling stiffs."

One umpire did achieve popularity with fans. "Dolly" Stark was voted by the players their favorite umpire in 1934 and 1935. New York fans, pleased by his progress from East Side urchin to the National League's second-highest-paid ($9,000) arbiter, chipped in enough nickels and dimes to buy him an automobile in 1935.

Offered the same salary for 1936, Stark became the first umpire to "hold out." Last year he broadcast home-games of Philadelphia's National and American League teams. Two weeks ago he signed for an unannounced salary to relieve the veteran Charles H. ("Cy") Pfirman, forced out by illness, who died this week.

At thirty-nine, with eight years' experience, Stark is comparatively young for a major-league umpire, whose average age is forty-five. Umpires come up to the big leagues between the ages of thirty and thirty-five, may last twenty years or more.

Dean of active umpires is William J. ("Bill") Klem. At sixty-three, he has been calling balls and strikes for more than thirty years. Klem has umpired in seventeen World Series, more than any other man in history. Like Stark, he's a National Leaguer.

Sure—A hold-over from the rowdy, umpire-chasing days that vanished in 1901 when the late Byron Bancroft Johnson took over the new American League and cracked down on obstreperous athletes, Klem has an amazing knowledge of baseball's rules, a supreme confidence in his own ability.

"I don't call 'em as I see 'em," he says. "I call 'em as they are."

Chief of the National League's twelve-man umpiring staff is Ernest C. ("Ernie") Quigley, relieved from active duty this season after twenty-five years. Second oldest to Klem in point of active service is Charles B. ("Uncle Charlie") Moran, who is in his twenty-first year on the staff.

Moran, fifty-eight, is one of few umpires who have played major-league baseball and is celebrated in football circles as coach of the 1921 Centre College football-team which upset Harvard, six to nothing.

Decade—The only other National Leaguer who has been in the older circuit for more than ten years is John E. ("Beans") Reardon, starting his eleventh season. Reardon began his umpiring at sixteen, on Los Angeles sand-lots.

The most versatile umpire on the staff is William J. ("Bill") Stewart, forty-one, who busies himself during the winter by refereeing National League hockey games. He was the first professional baseball-player to enlist in the World War.

Other members of the staff are George L. ("Major") Magerkurth, George Barr, John William ("Ziggy") Sears, Ralph ("Babe") Pinelli, Larry Goetz, Lee Ballafant and George Lambach Parker.

Chief of staff in the American League is Thomas H. ("Tommy") Connolly, born in Manchester, England, sixty-six years ago, who never saw a baseball game until he was fifteen.

The League's veteran active umpire is sixty-one-year-old William ("Bill") Dineen, who has been looking them over for twenty-seven years. Dineen pitched the winning game for the Boston Americans in their 1903 World Series with Pittsburgh. He is mildly celebrated as a chef for his invention of what he calls the "Million-Dollar Lemon Pie."

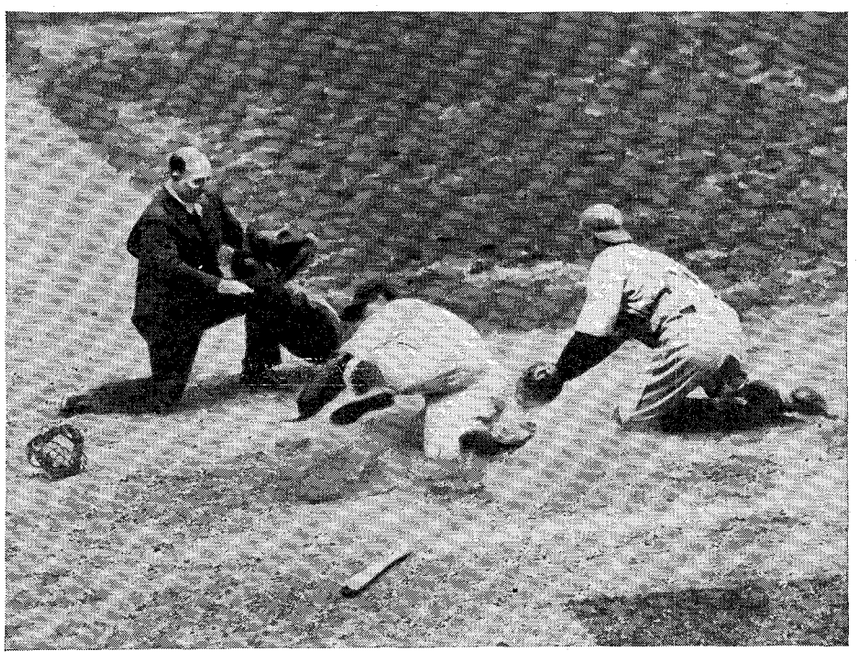
Of Age—Ranking second to Dineen in years of service as an American League umpire is Clarence B. ("Brick") Owens, fifty-two, who got his nickname during his minor-league career one time when he was beaned by a dornick hurled by a dissatisfied fan. Owens has umpired in the younger league for twenty-one years.

A veteran of eighteen years' experience, George Moriarty, also fifty-two, played big-league ball for ten seasons (1906-'15), and managed the Detroit Tigers in 1928 and 1929.

Emmett T. ("Red") Ormsby, forty-two, has been with the American League for fourteen years. He is the father of twelve children.

William A. ("Bill") McGowan, forty-one, and Harry Geisel, forty-eight, both have twelve years' experience. Louis C. Kolls, forty, and William ("Bill") Summers, forty-two, signed American League contracts in 1933. John Aloysius Quinn, thirty-nine, came in in 1935; Charles Edward Johnston, forty-one, in 1936.

The only Syrian umpire in major-league history is forty-one-year-old Steve Basil. Tallest (six feet two inches), heaviest (240 pounds) and youngest (thirty-five) on the American League staff is Cal Hubbard, once football-star for the professional Green Bay Packers.



Wide World

This one's easy, smiles Umpire Bill McGowan, as Yankee Lou Gehrig slides safely home

SPORT SHOTS

Launched in the Kennebec River at Bath, Maine, last week, was Harold S. Vanderbilt's Class J sloop *Ranger*. With it he will make his third bid for defense of the *America's* Cup in the historic yacht-race series starting off Newport, Rhode Island, on July 31.

The largest craft of her class ever built, the *Ranger's* 135-foot hull is steel, her 165-foot, 6,368-pound mast of duralumin. Started last December, her construction took more than 12,000 days' work by seventy-eight men. The total cost was approximately $300,000.

* * *

Britain's Great Western Railway has taken out licenses for twenty-five sheep-dogs, trained to assist in keeping lines in the Cardiff, Neath, Newport and Oswestry divisions clear of straying sheep.

In addition to shooing sheep off the track, the dogs have been taught to warn workmen of approaching trains, and not to leave the line until all the men are safe.

* * *

Far rarer as a golfing accomplishment than a hole-in-one is a double eagle—playing a hole in three strokes under par.

On the 565-yard, par-five, fifth hole at Atlanta's East Lake course last week, Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., former Grand Slam king of amateur golfers, holed out his spoon-shot for a double eagle.

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RISING RADIO, SALES-HELP METEOR

Night Programs Costliest; Hot Scramble for Stars, Hours

The time: 4 P.M. Sunday.
The place: Hollywood.

The California sun is high overhead as Jack Benny cocks his unlighted cigar at a National Broadcasting Company microphone.

Across the continent it is 7 P.M. and the sun is sinking. Millions of families troop from dinner-tables to radio loudspeakers, prick their ears for the comedian's quips, for the music of his supporting band of eighteen pieces, and, most important, for the gibes and forty-second commercials on Jell-O (General Foods Corporation).

For gibes and blurbs General Foods pays handsomely:

To Jack Benny, his script-writers, orchestra and troupe—$8,500 a week.

To NBC, for a half-hour's space on sixty-five stations—$9,000.

To advertising executives, for rail, telephone and teletype expenses in communicating between Hollywood and New York—$1,000.

To Young and Rubicam, advertising agency—an estimated $1,800 for counsel fees.

The bill for the total program comes to more than $20,300.

Thirty-nine weeks yearly of Jell-O selling by Jack Benny comes to an approximate $790,000—a little more than two cents for each dollar of Jell-O sales (Jell-O accounts for 25 per cent. of all General Foods sales, last year totaled an estimated $30,000,000).

General Foods did not bat an eye at the $790,000 expenditure for its high-priced comedian, bound him to a three-year contract.

Not only that, but it also created a new Jell-O product, Freezing-Mix, to promote by radio in summer when Jell-O sales decline.

General Foods bought other radio time as well. For Maxwell House Coffee, Sanka Coffee and Minute Tapioca (and Jell-O), in 1936 the company spent for radio time alone $1,500,000.

Yet, even with this rousing expenditure it ranked sixth among the top-flight radio chain spenders.

Tops—On radio space the Procter & Gamble Co. (Ivory, Camay soaps) last year spent more than twice as much as General Foods, led all radio advertisers with $3,300,000. Standard Brands, Inc. (Fleischmann's Yeast, Chase & Sanborn Coffee), spent $2,275,000; Sterling Products, Inc. (Phillips' Milk of Magnesia), spent $1,600,000; Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company (Super-Suds, Palmolive soap, Colgate dental cream) spent $1,555,000, and the Ford Motor Company, $1,528,000.*

To stake out space on the air these six leading advertisers paid NBC and the Columbia Broadcasting System $12,184,000, roughly one-fifth of the $59,671,000 spent for all major chain radio time last year.

*Others: Campbell's Soup Company, $1,294,000; Miles Laboratories Inc. (Alka-Seltzer), $1,290,000; Liggett and Myers Tobacco Company (Chesterfield), $1,095,000; William Wrigley, Jr., Company (chewing-gum), $1,017,000, and Lever Brothers (Rinso, Lifebuoy soap), $1,242,000.

What these and other radio advertisers paid for crooners, comedians and movie stars came to even a higher figure.

So high was it that the bill-paying sponsors rebelled a fortnight ago, stormed at their Association of National Advertisers' meeting in Hot Springs, Virginia, that the scramble for high-salaried stars and for favored radio space had barred from nighttime national advertising all except the biggest of American big business.

So hectic has the struggle for preferred radio time become that the few large advertisers are coming to look upon their hours as valuable franchises.

In a magazine, the back cover, the inside back and inside front covers are considered preferred positions. Preferred space on the radio-chain day is more difficult to determine and is sure to precipitate a heated argument wherever radio executives gather.

Little difference exists on the proposition that the choicest hours are from 8 to 10 P.M.

The difficulty arises in choosing the best hours of the best days. Radio stations remain aloof from the argument over best days, charge as much for Monday evening as for Sunday, infuriate advertisers who argue that one hour of a specific night can not be worth the same as any other hour of any other night.

Contract—For an hour's time over ninety-two CBS broadcasting stations at 9 P.M. Sunday the Ford Company pays $12,000 to $15,000. For an hour's time on Monday evening, over fifty-eight stations of the NBC red network, National Dairy Products Corporation (Kraft cheese) pays an estimated $18,660. Fees such as these obtain for the 6 P.M. to 11 P.M. evening hours. From 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. advertisers can get bargain rates, pay only half of the night fees. On Sunday, day rates are roughly three-quarters those of night fees.

The big-scale producer of automobiles, soaps and medicines has learned that stars cost him 25 per cent. of his total program costs. If he stakes out what he considers an attractive hour, he must protect it with a star who will hold audiences in which fingers ever are twitching to dial competitors' attractions making a stand a few kilocycles away.

Advertisers and entertainers mostly fret over the possibility that a high-powered competing program will move in on their hour. The Lehn and Fink Company (Pebeco tooth-paste), which hired Eddie Cantor last year at a handsome salary, found to its dismay that Maj. Edward Bowes and his amateurs were wooing listeners away. Later, when the round-eyed comedian had shaken off the Major, he found himself entangled with the widely popular Jack Benny program. Now the Texas Company (Texaco) pays Cantor $10,000 weekly, is happily free from major competition at its hour. So panicky have advertisers become over competition that established commercial programs are likely to crowd major competitors from the air and force radio executives to interpose sustaining programs.

Talk—Advertisers are tight-lipped about radio stars' salaries. The stars themselves, however, are not as reticent, like to let the cat out of the bag in order to impress possible future employers and boost their stock.

Variety, show-business spokesman, which computes radio stars' salaries, credits Major Bowes with receiving $15,000 weekly from the Chrysler Motor Corporation. Ed Wynn, *Variety* gossips, gets $5,500 from the Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company (Spuds); *Amos 'n' Andy* receive $5,000 weekly from the Pepsodent Company; Kate Smith receives $3,000 from the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.; Al Jolson reputedly receives $5,000 from Lever Brothers.

When Jack Benny hopped, skipped and jumped from Canada Dry to General Motors (Chevrolet) to General Tires to

Columbia Broadcasting System

Mayor Cantor of Texacotown and Citizen Bobbie Breen are worth their expensive salt

William Haussler—NBC Studio

Jack Benny: "Jell-O again . . ." at a cost of $20,300 for a half-hour program

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

General Foods, his salary soared with every move. When George Burns and Gracie Allen flitted from the General Cigar Company to Campbell's Soup Company to General Foods Corporation (Grape-Nuts), their stock spurted upward.

Radio-star shopping is costly to radio advertisers, for switches by radio luminaries seldom go without salary boosts. Last week, *Variety* gossiped that Walter Winchell, now receiving $2,500 weekly from the Andrew W. Jergens Company (Jergen's Lotion), was "being offered around" at $5,500, that an automobile manufacturer "was interested."

Jumpers—Neither on stars, radio, time nor on supplementary costs do sponsors or agencies spare the horses. To supervise the Ford program, two executives of the N. W. Ayer & Son Co. spend three days weekly in Detroit, return to New York "to live" the rest of the week. The announcer, Truman Bradley, commutes once weekly from Chicago to Detroit to put in his night's stint for the Ford broadcast at Detroit.

Because New York, Chicago and Los Angeles alone boast complete radio facilities, the Ford Company has been paying a $135 fee to "pipe" its broadcast *via* American Telephone & Telegraph Company wires from Detroit to Chicago. Technicians watching the Ford program from the control-room, as a result, hear the music as it is relayed from Chicago, not as it emerges from the instruments in the Detroit auditorium.

Advertisers and radio executives shrug their shoulders at the talk of costs, dig down into research files to produce evidence that radio "pulls." Quaker Oats Company employees were hard-pressed to mail 130,000 dolls following a series of thirteen broadcasts in which the dolls were offered.

In six years, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has distributed more than 1,000,000 exercise-charts to listeners.

Followers of the Ford hour asked for and received more than 6,000,000 copies of the talks by W. J. Cameron, Ford Vice-President.

The Mutual Broadcasting System likes to point to the experience of L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, New Jersey, department store, which sold 5,000 pairs of stockings, 4,000 breakfast-sets and other items totaling $20,000 following a radio-program offer.

EYE VS. EAR: Radio's Battle With the Printed Word Has a Side-Contest

To see a thing is better than to hear it 100 times.

That Japanese philosopher's dictum survives as signal-gun for the contemporary advertising battle of eye *vs.* ear—print *vs.* radio.

Last week, the Walker Engraving Corporation published (eighty pages, limited edition of 500 copies) the results of its 1936 competition for an advertisement which seven judges* decided best expressed the significance of the printed page. Winner of the $1,000 prize in the competition for "all who sincerely believe that the picture, in story or advertisement, remains the quickest and most dependable pathway to the human mind" was Jack Green.

Courtesy Walker Engraving Corp.

Chinese, Greek, Persian, Arabic, Hindu, Yiddish, Japanese all tell the same story—of a cat . . . this idea netted Jack Green $1,000

A student at Commercial Illustration Studios and a native New Yorker, twenty-six-year-old Jack Green teaches advertising arts and aspires to a dual career of art director and industrial designer. Assisting him was Thurman Rotan, thirty-three-year-old Texan, staff photographer of the Frick Art Reference Library.

Rotan took the photograph of a cat which appears on this page.

Origin—The idea man behind the competition, directing it throughout, was Nathan George Horwitt, industrial designer.

He had a threefold idea: To obtain in the clear, graphic style of advertising, in original picture and word:

1. Expression of the art of illustration;
2. Evidence of new men in the field and their influence;
3. A comprehensive gallery of significant opinion from the people best qualified to render opinion.

Provocative thought raised by the competition:

Is radio with its transient persuasiveness a serious threat to the vividness and permanence of the printed picture?

From the Psychological Laboratory of Harvard University, Drs. Hadley Cantril and Gordon W. Allport, followed by Merton Carver, have tackled this problem. In brochure form, the Columbia Broadcasting System presents salient selections from these experts. Quoting from "The Truth About 'The Harvard Findings (Eye *vs.* Ear)'":

Better understood and more interesting when heard over the radio than when read on a printed page are facts, narrative, abstract material (political talks and exposition), advertising trade names, numbers, short prose passages, humorous material and directions.

Better understood and more interesting when read on a printed page than when heard over the radio are difficult words (incipiency, canonical, duodenum, labyrinth, metamorphose, gestation, geodetic, esoteric); short historical, abstract and complicated passages.

The human voice, experts found, makes auditory presentations more personal; caution is exercised more toward printed than spoken material.

This is a picture age; few argue otherwise.

Candid-camera fans become more adept, versatile and daring every day. Radio devotees admit this, but declare that the picture—telling tho it may be—doesn't tell all.

"To say that either the eye or the ear is more important in advertising is to imply that a well-balanced face can do

*Judges, advertising aristocracy, were: Alexey Brodovitch *(Harper's Bazaar)*, Earnest Elmo Calkins (Calkins and Holden), Kenneth Collins (Gimbel Brothers, Inc.), Joseph Platt *(Delineator)*, Henry B. Quinan *(Woman's Home Companion)*, Roy S. Durstine (Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn) and Elwood Whitney (J. Walter Thompson Co.).

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FEET ITCH?

Watch Out—It May Be "Athlete's Foot"

If your feet itch, or if the skin between your toes is red, raw, cracked or breaking out in blisters—it may be "Athlete's Foot." Don't use any half-way measures. Treat this stubborn foot infection with Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. It relieves intense itching at once; kills the fungi it comes in contact with, and aids healing of the skin. Accept no substitute for Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. At all drug, shoe and department stores.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

SWIM WELL!

Know the best strokes; how to get the greatest speed from the least effort; how to float and dive, play water polo; how to save life; resuscitation, etc. "Swimming Scientifically Taught" by Frank Eugen Dalton shows you how quickly, easily Wonderfully illustrated Thousands of copies sold. 8th edition

12mo Cloth 247 pages $1.75; $1.89 post-paid

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY. 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

Terrific Speed High Altitudes—
Protect your Comfort... Take—

MOTHERSILL'S AIR SICK REMEDY

USED IN 64 COUNTRIES

KNOWING BIRDS THROUGH STORIES

By Floyd Brailliar

A collection of unique and highly informative stories about many of the common birds found in this country, accurately describing their actions and habits in most interesting, non-technical language. With 12 full-page illustrations in color by E. R. Kalmbach and numerous other illustrations in half tone. Cloth, 355 pages, $2.00; by mail, $2.14.

All bookstores, or the publishers.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

Weddings

can be made conventionally correct in every detail if the persons concerned consult the "Blue Book of Social Usage"—

ETIQUETTE

By Emily Post

758 pages; crown 8vo. size; 19 pages on Courtships and Engagements; 39 on Wedding Preparations; 39 on The Day of the Wedding; full-page pictures of decorations for home and church weddings, with frontispiece of a "Bride's Bouquet."

Cloth, $4; full leather, $7.50; postage, 18c extra At Bookstores, or

Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York

EATING VITAMINES

By C. Houston Goudiss
National Authority on Nutrition

A friendly and wonderfully interesting yet authoritative book on one of the most important discoveries of modern times—Vitamines! Describes Vitamines A, B, C, D, and the newly discovered anti-sterility Vitamine E, giving the qualities of each, and names of foods that contain them.

12mo. Cloth. 141 pages with 200 tested recipes and seasonal menus. Special bills-of-fare for children.

ONLY $1.64 POST-PAID

Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354 Fourth Ave., New York

Do You Sneeze Much?

Ah, maybe it's hay fever! If so, get the latest edition of Dr. Wm. C. Hollopeter's helpful book—

HAY FEVER—Its Prevention and Cure

Explains the best practise in treating Hay Fever, with emphasis on the Immunizing Method. 424 pages.

12mo. Cloth, $2; $2.14 post-paid.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354 Fourth Ave., New York

without an orb or an auricle," says Mr. Horwitt.

Ideas—The opinion of Kenneth Groesbeck, Vice-President of McCann-Erickson, Inc., advertising agency:

"Mathematics is a wonderful tool when it gets (as it so rarely does) into plain American. Here you are with a product and an advertising appropriation. . . . Shall you fly into people's homes on wings of sound . . . become part of their daily and Sunday newspaper reading . . . magazine reading . . . use the outdoor signs they see?

"Shall you be selective and use the mail . . . decide by hunch, a personal liking, or by some mathematical basis?"

The answer is, find the common denominator.

"Radio sells by time, rates being fixed on the presumed number of listeners. Magazines and newspapers sell space by line-unit, one-fourteenth of a column-inch, priced according to circulation," he continues.

"But how can you weigh minutes of listening time against inches of newsprint or quarter pages of magazines? They must have something in common. And they do—when reduced to portions used, territory covered, time consumed, people reached—a common denominator. Their unlikeness in cost per thousand of audience gives a valid mathematical basis on which to build comparisons."

The following table, compiled from the twenty-third and twenty-fourth annual reports of the Bureau of Advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association for April, 1936, and April, 1937, shows how national advertisers spend money:

NATIONAL ADVERTISER'S DOLLAR

MEDIA	1934	1935	1936
Newspaper	$163,000,000	$167,000,000	$188,000,000
Magazine	113,515,000	119,128,000	143,790,000
Chain broadcast	42,650,000	49,284,000	59,671,000
Outdoor ad	26,880,000	29,000,000	34,000,000
Car-card	3,000,000	2,220,000	2,100,000

OUT OF AVERAGE DOLLAR SPENT

		1935	1936
Newspaper	Received	$0.456	$0.440
Magazines	"	.325	.336
Chain broadcasts	"	.134	.140
Outdoor ads	"	.079	.079
Car-cards	"	.006	.005

Phillip Frank, advertising expert, in *Advertising & Selling*, comments:

"It was only natural for commercial broadcasting—which began in 1920 and did not really hit its stride until the advent of the networks in 1926 and 1927—to grow very rapidly until it had reached the maturity already enjoyed by the older media.

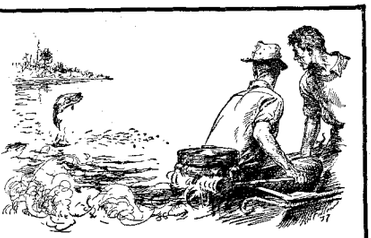
"If, instead of eying radio's rapidly-rising sales-curve, the space-media had looked at the actual dollars spent there, they would have found less cause to howl."

The eye may be quicker than the ear, but both are essential to advertising, the experts hold.

The business of conveying a commercial message is declared to be psychological in its operation.

Some argue that radio would seem better suited to products for which the individual has repeated need, products that are well established in public favor, or those that have a low unit sales price; others maintain that certain products are of such a nature that both the eye and the ear methods of advertising can be used to advantage in a campaign to attract buyers.

Children learn their first words by ear, but the words, say psychologists, create images in the mind. Speech is the flower of language; print and picture, the preservative.



Bass are where you find them

Knowing how to find them when they're not where they ought to be means a good day's sport while the other fellows come back empty-handed.

STALKING BASS, by Elmer Ransom, tells you what to do when the likely places have drawn a blank. It's one of the most valuable articles on bass fishing we've ever seen anywhere. Don't miss it—in the June Field & Stream.

There are many reasons for buying this issue of the largest and finest outdoor publication. Besides 9 departments packed with practical, useful information, there are a dozen articles of outstanding interest, including one by the very famous writer-sportsman

ZANE GREY

And complete details of FIELD & STREAM'S 27th Annual National Prize Fishing Contest, which offers prizes worth more than

$3,000!

It's free and open to all: read about it and get in it.

Get a copy today from any newsdealer. You will enjoy and profit by it immensely.

15c Field & Stream 15c

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Win greater respect and success. Learn more, earn more. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 552-LA, Chicago

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF PARTIES

By Margaret Lockwood Andrews

Shows how to give parties for children that will be talked about for months! It also covers, in detail, adults' parties, bridge luncheons, bazaars, teas, announcement parties and showers, balls and dances, etc. Order your copy to-day. "It will meet every entertainment problem for a life-time," says the *Wilkes-Barre Record.*

$2.00; by mail, $2.14

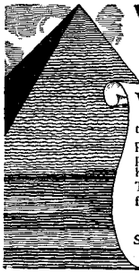
At All Bookstores, or from the Publishers

Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York

DO YOUR *feet* HURT?
Are they tired, sore, or perspiring? If so-use

Johnson's Foot Soap

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE THOMAS GILL SOAP CO. 715 KENT AVE. BROOKLYN, N.Y.



WHAT STRANGE POWERS

Did The Ancients Possess?

WHERE was the source of knowledge that made it possible for the ancients to perform miracles? These wise men of the past knew the mysteries of life and personal power. This wisdom is not lost—it is withheld from the masses. It is offered freely TO YOU, if you have an open mind. Write for *free* sealed book. Address: Scribe X.A.V.

The ROSICRUCIANS
San Jose (AMORC) California

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROOFS RESOUND TO BUILDING BOOM

Typical House Is 19 Years Old; Wealthy Spending, Too

In Madison Square Garden last week, young married folk peered, round-eyed, into the "House of To-morrow." This was the star show-piece of the North American Homes Exposition.

In Chicago's Coliseum, Midwesterners similarly gaped at gadget-studded model homes of the National House and Garden Exposition, calculated mentally whether they could afford one.

Both in Chicago and New York, representatives of the country's billion-dollar building-industry watched the fascinated visitors, hoped that they could translate the plans of to-morrow into the homes of to-day and thus give new impetus to the construction business revival.

In the "House of To-morrow," architects had projected the living-quarters of the future. At the touch of a button, curved glass panels (seven in all at $3,000 each) would slide into the ground, transform the enclosed terrace into an outdoor living-room.

Visitors strolled through the luxurious eight rooms, noted that the master bedroom was separated from other rooms by sliding glass partitions, noted also that a bedroom-library contained a bed which folded into the wall without leaving a trace, that the dining-room contained a table lighted by a ceiling spotlight, that the prefabricated bathroom with all-copper plumbing could be trucked to the house, set up within an hour.

Shock—This luxury, most visitors knew, was an ideal, available to the family which could spend from $35,000 to $75,000.

In contrast and as a grim reminder of America's housing needs, the Federal Housing Administration shocked New Yorkers with a reproduction of a typical slum tenement, warned that one-third of the Big City's dwellers occupied seventeen miles of such substandard, packed dwellings.

To builders and architects the warning that Americans are bursting out of their homes was not new.

The typical American home, a recent Department of Commerce survey told them, houses a single family in five rooms, is of wood or frame construction and about nineteen years old. Predominantly, American homes still are heated by heating-stoves. In 2,500,000 dwellings canvassed in sixty-four cities, government researchers discovered that only one of every four needed no repairs, reported further that urban America needed 1,500,000 new dwellings.

At an increasing tempo, the pressure of this demand is being felt by architects, contractors and building materials men. For the first four months of this year, the F. W. Dodge Corporation reported the erection of more than 70,000 dwellings (including apartments)—a gain of 60 per cent. over 1936. Before 1937 ends, approximately 250,000 houses will be built at a cost of more than $1,350,000,000. This estimate tops 1936 construction by more than $300,000,000.

Buyers—More significant even than the jump in building is this: moderately circumstanced families are becoming home-builders in greater numbers than ever. About half of all one- and two-family houses erected cost less than $5,000 (excluding cost of land). Of the remainder, all but about 10 per cent. cost between $5,000 and $10,000.

Behind the scenes in this rapid rise of relatively moderate costs for housing hovers the busy FHA. Last week, this Federal agency reported that mortgages selected for reappraisal now exceeded $1,000,000,000. (The FHA lends no money, merely insures private lending institutions such as banks, building and loan associations, mortgage and insurance companies.)

Now the FHA is recording mortgages at a $2,500,000 clip a day. During March and April these outstripped 1936 activity by 84 per cent. Agency executives declared that construction of single-family houses was creeping up to the 1929 levels, but still was below 1925, which saw the biggest rush of residential building in a decade.

There is more to the FHA picture than this. Its better-housing campaign, the FHA figures, has generated more than $200,000,000 of modernization and repair work which doesn't appear on the agency's books. The theory is that for every dollar of repair work insured by the Federal Government, approximately $4 has been spent on jobs paid for in cash or financed by other methods.

The entire FHA program, Housing Administrator Stewart McDonald estimates, has created the equivalent of at least one year's work for 2,000,000 men.

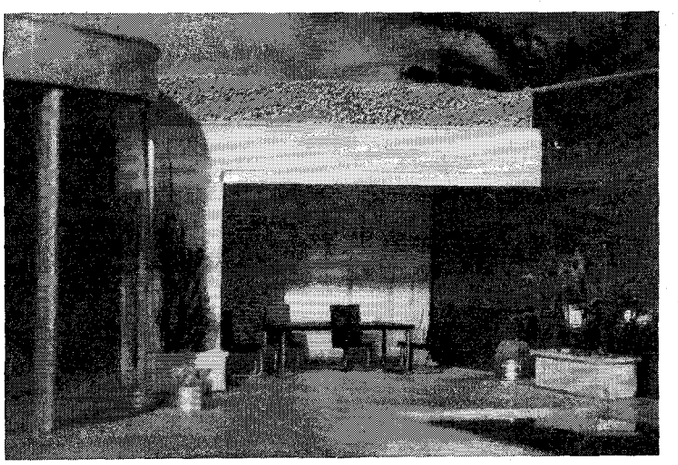
BUSINESS BRIEFS

Three months ago P. Lorillard Company, makers of Old Gold cigarettes, announced a nation-wide picture-puzzle contest. In pursuit of the $100,000 pot of gold (and 999 other cash prizes) at the end of the contest rainbow, 2,000,000 fortune-seekers submitted answers to six picture-puzzles a week for fifteen weeks, accompanied each set of answers with three Old Gold wrappers or three "reasonably accurate facsimiles." Unexpectedly the contest developed complications as tipsters popped up before the contest dead-line, peddled answers on street-corners for 50 cents. Drug stores and news-stands took up answer-selling and even department stores joined in, offered them at 21 cents, 47 cents, $1.47. Old Gold bought full-page newspaper space and warned contestants to "Beware of Contest Tipsters." Last week Old Gold executives revealed that contestants had returned 90,000,000 Old Gold wrappers, representing as many packages of cigarettes sold, had burdened *Uncle Sam's* letter-carriers with 30,000,000 pieces of mail. The contest's cost for advertising alone—4,500,000 lines—exceeded $1,000,000.

* * *

In 1900, one of every eight Americans insured his life. To-day, every other American—64,000,000 in all—owns a life policy. This week the National Association of Life Underwriters, representing 140 life insurance companies, inaugurated its fifth annual "Life Insurance Week," is spreading these facts: The average life insurance policy issued in 1936 approximated $748—$83 over the average 1935 contract—which helped push total life insurance in force to $104,500,000,000 (150% of that in 1925 and eight times as much as in 1905). To keep this figure rising, insurance salesmen last year sold 952,000 contracts.

Insurance companies pay out more than $250,000 an hour to beneficiaries and policyholders. Last year, the companies had reserves totaling $24,750,000,000 against the maturity of 100,000,000 policies. From 1929 to 1936, maturities, loans and incomes paid to living policyholders almost doubled death and indemnity claims.



For $2,150 an FHA model B house . . . for $35,000-$75,000 a "House of To-morrow" with a garden dining-room

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Mail

(Continued from page 1)

kingly office earned him the sobriquet, "Silly Billy."—*Editor.*

Teen Troubles

By PIERRE VILLERE—

Was I glad to see your article "Tamer Teens" (May 1)! With no less than a triumphal whoop, I threw it in front of my startled parents.

For something like a year and one-half I have been trying to borrow the family car for occasional dates. Dad refused. His idea of modern "flaming" youth pictured me as soused, with at least one arm around some dizzy little doll, driving like a bat out of Hades along some boulevard and the morning paper carrying the tragic account of the still more tragic accident.

Now, all is changed. Now, I've got a promise of the loan of the car a few times before and once a week after graduation. I hope your article does as much for other fellows and girls as it did for me. New Orleans.

By MARION NELSON—

I liked your article, "Tamer Teens," which appeared in the May 1 issue. It whitewashed young people a little; rightly, you were on the sanity side of the ancient question: Is youth better or worse to-day? Ordinarily, the only "news" seems to be of the sensational type, such as your article on college drinking.

Some time ago, the writer had a chance to assist in a symposium on the subject of youth. A lawyer, doctor, prison superintendent and a churchman, all nationally known, contributed opinions. The net result: Youth is no better and no worse to-day than in the past. If anything, it is saner and more sensible, certainly more honest. What's more, it was decided, if fault is to be found with youth, parents and environment created by past and present generations must be blamed. New York City.

Better Babies

By MARION FELLOWS—

Your article, "Better Babies," amused me greatly. If you must publish articles on babies, why turn the subject over to some bachelor writing with his tongue in his cheek? For instance, he remarked: "Babies now eat bananas." Some babies, perhaps. But, in the majority of cases, if a small infant attacked a banana, its doctor would come running.

While it interests me to see THE DIGEST taking an interest in such profound subjects as the care and feeding of infants, I do wish you would hire experts to advise you. Beverly Hills, California.

No bachelor, THE DIGEST authoress produced a powdered banana concentrate labeled "for babies."—*Editor.*

Sacred Cow

By WHIDDEN GRAHAM—

I noticed in a recent issue of THE DIGEST the term "sacred cow" as applied to subjects that the newspapers refuse to discuss. Does any one know the meaning or the origin of this term? Are churches "sacred cows" in newspaper offices, for instance, that they must not be adversely criticized?

Recently the Brick Presbyterian Church of this city was sold for $1,400,000. Since this increase in land values over the $58,000 paid for the lots eighty years ago was wholly created by the increasing population and its business activities, it would seem to be a self-evident proposition that this value, created by the public, should be taken by taxation for public purposes. I sent brief, respectful letters to four newspapers asking whether they could give any valid reason why this greatly increased land value should be paid to the Church.

None of my letters was printed. Was this a case of a "sacred cow"? New York City.

"ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC"

—Talburt in Washington Daily News

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"PLAYING NO FAVORITES"

—Chamberlain

A sacred cow is a person or object regarded as sacrosanct and immune from violation, attack, criticism or the like. The term originated with the Cow of Plenty and the Cow of Five Colors in Hindu mythology. Often, when Brahmans feed a cow, they say: "Daughter of Surabhi, framed of five elements, suspicious, pure, holy, sprung from the sun, accept this food by me; salutation unto thee." It seems this sentiment is not uncommon to-day.—*Editor.*

Bundling

By D. L. McCUE, JR.—

I would like to have you explain the term "bundling" as used in the article "Bundling Cannibals" in the issue of April 24. Somerville, Massachusetts.

Bundling, as explained by Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language, is "to lie or sleep together on or in the same bed without undressing: Once a practise of lovers or engaged couples in Wales and in parts of New England and Pennsylvania."—*Editor.*

By DOROTHY BAINES—

May I offer you my sincere congratulations on your article entitled "Bundling Cannibals" in the April 24 issue of your magazine.

News of world importance, intelligently interpreted and ably written, always is good reading. But articles such as this one on the native customs of the Purari people are interesting side-lights, entertaining as well as instructive. Such stories give your magazine that extra touch which keeps its readers eagerly looking forward to the next issue.

I was particularly struck by the point made in regard to their rules of warfare, "Injury of a woman by a warrior would be comparable to the bombing of a hospital unit in our own warfare."

In view of the ruthless warfare being waged against a defenseless civilian population in Spain to-day, this item is of the utmost significance and bears reflection. New York City

Slips

By DORIS LOBATCH—

Perhaps I'm dense, but don't you sometimes get a little obscure in that "Slips" column?

Now, take last week, for instance. That slip about monkeys. What was that—an excuse to crack wise at H. I. Phillips? If it was, you looked pretty silly. They just wasn't no point to it—I know, because I asked my friends and consulted Max Eastman's book. What goes on there, "Lit. Dige?" Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Some one slipped up on the "Slips" column. The quotation originally read: "Monkeys represent all the outmooed theories of life." It was corrected by the printer.—*Editor.*

Lawyers

By ALEXANDER McGRATH—

Referring to your article, "Lawyers Eat," in the May 8 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, I quote the definition of lawyer from Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language: "One who is versed in law or practises law; a person authorized by law to conduct suits for others in courts, give legal advice and transact other business requiring a knowledge of the law."

Does not the framing and passing of laws require "A knowledge of the law?" Surely, the men who should be entrusted with our lawmaking are the lawyers who are trained in such work. It seems to me that the 24 per cent. of State legislators who are lawyers is far too small a proportion, rather than too large. I recommend that membership in legislatures be restricted to lawyers alone. Cleveland.

By JAMES OLIVER—

Thank God for Delaware! Here's one State which knows enough to distrust lawyers, who have been making this country a legalistic oligarchy rather than a democracy! Shame on Arkansas, where the people have abdicated their rights to members of the bar.

Praise to THE DIGEST for exposing the disgraceful situation! Springfield, Massachusetts.

By and Large

By MRS. HAL BECK—

Europeans tell us that we are a peculiar-speaking people and that they can not decipher our odd phrases. This accusation came to my mind with some force when I read in your April 24 issue the expression "by and large."

Would you be kind enough to interpret its meaning for a score of Southerners who, eventually, might wish to add it to their collection "already on ice." Staunton, Virginia.

The phrase "by and large" was originally a nautical term meaning "to the wind (within six points of the compass)." "By," in this instance, means "in the region or general direction of."—*Editor.*

Crops and Culture

By WALTER P. MAY—

Out in this part of Nebraska, where I live, nearly every one depends on farming and stock-raising for a living. A crop failure hurts the bankers and merchants in this region almost as much as it hurts the farmers.

The dry weather and grasshoppers have caused us to lose three crops in succession now, but we have not lost our morale. We are starting to work on two irrigation projects which will put about 70,000 acres under irrigation.

But it is not enough for a citizen to be interested in his livelihood alone. A good citizen should be well informed and take an active part in our national and world affairs.

My friends have a taste for good literature as well as good things to eat. I am always glad to be able to recommend THE LITERARY DIGEST to them and to receive their thanks for the tip. Arcadia, Nebraska.

"RESURRECTION"

—Werner in Daily Oklahoman

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Off-Side

Duels—Texans are tired of snickers at their solemn inaugural ceremonies. So they have decided to vote out a section of the ceremony in which the inauguree swears he never has fought a duel. This has been a sure-fire laugh-getter at all functions.

* * *

Visibrella—What with umbrellas being manufactured in gay colors, lace and cellophane, French designers have turned out the "visibrella." It is a sunshine variety of transparent rubber which allows the holder to look at the rain.

* * *

Fall—Barbara Kinney of San Francisco, seven, fell two stories from a window of her home and landed in a wash-tub filled with clothes. Her only hurt was a bruised leg.

* * *

Guns—William Nicole of Madison, Wisconsin, has a shooting-gallery. One night recently an armed man walked by, held him up. Altho surrounded by weapons, Nicole had to part with $32.

* * *

Alarm—Hearing the fire-alarm, teachers at Culver School, Evansville, Indiana, shooed pupils out of the building into a driving rain-storm. Under the downpour no one could find any trace of fire. Then it was found that lightning had set off the alarm-system.

* * *

Teeth—When last home in Budapest, Miss Maria Molnar, Hungarian Calvinist missionary at Papua, in the South Pacific, appealed for dogs' teeth. This unusual request was taken up by the country folk and she received thousands of such teeth. Because they are considered money by the Papuan natives she has been able to erect a mission hospital with the proceeds and retain a large income.

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Aguirre—head of Basque Government—*guir* as *gear: a-gear'ray.*

De Golyer—petroleum technician—rimes with *the collier.*

Ekeley—of faculty, Univ. of Colo.—rimes with *freckly.*

Goetze—treasurer, Columbia Univ.—as in *"gets a* car."

Huhner—lawyer, writer—the French *u:* almost *hee'ner.*

Jaffé—Norfolk editor—rimes with *café.*

Meikeljohn—of faculty, Univ. of Wis. — he says, "*i* as in *kick": mi'kul-jon.*

Nanninga—of faculty, Univ. of N. Mex.—*ing* as in *sing: nan'ning-a.*

Whatmough—of faculty, Harvard—could be shortened to *wawt'mo.*

Carpenters—Forty members of the Carpenters' Union of Port Arthur, Texas, built a fourteen-room house in one day. It was done as a courtesy to Mrs. Bryan Vick, widow of a fellow union member. Work started at 8 A. M., ended at nightfall.

* * *

Signs—Passers-by in Butler, Pennsylvania, were amused by the juxtaposition of two signs on the door of Clerk of Courts Victor A. Campbell. One read "Marriage Licenses," the other "Fight Tickets on Sale Here."

* * *

Judge—Along with two students and two teachers, Maj. Harman W. Peery of Ogden, Utah, was chosen to decide which Weber College co-ed had the most kissable lips.

Slips That Pass in Type

Not long ago a judge, famous for the reconciliations he has brought about between warring husbands and wives, exacted from certain husbands a promise that they would kill their wives every morning before leaving for business, and every evening when returning home. —*Roanoke (Va.) paper.*

What do you do to get that sentence?

D———, who is 79, sang in the choir for the coronations of King Doodle from beginning to end.—*San Antonio (Tex.) paper.*

Actually all the way through?

CANTOR'S DAUGHTER WEDS

The blaze started in a warehouse and spread rapidly to the plant of the Pittsburgh Box Company next door.—*Kansas City paper.*

Flaming youth.

WANTED: A boy to take care of horses who can speak German.—*Parade of Youth.*

Was ist los?

CORVALLIS TRUCK FARMER USES UNIONS AS FERTILIZER
—*Missoula (Mont.) paper.*

The dirty capitalist.

The Springfield High school quartet of 75 voices, was rated "superior" in the Illinois State Vocal association contest.—*Springfield (Ill.) paper.*

Yes, but look at the advantage they had.

DEAD OFFICER
ON S. F. FORCE
FOR 18 YEARS.
—*San Francisco paper.*

No wonder there is so much criticism.

LIBRARIAN DECLARES
'HOLIDAY' ON FIRES
—*Boston paper.*

Big of him.

The call—Tokyo to Rochester—was one of the longest, if not the longest, ever put through by the longest, ever handled by the tion.—*Rochester (N. Y.) paper.*

Tsk, tsk. Who'd a thunk it?

THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Taking Possession.—"Hey!" said Satan to the new arrival, "you act as if you owned this place."

"I do. My wife just gave it to me."—*U. S. S. Pennsylvania Keystone.*

Grammar.—"Are your father and mother in?" asked the visitor of the small boy who opened the door.

"They was in," said the child, "but they is out."

"They was in. They is out. Where's your grammar?"

"She's gone upstairs," said the boy, "for a lay-down."—*Hartford Courant.*

Meow.—KITTY: "Gracious, it's been five years since I've seen you. You look lots older."

KAT: "Really, my dear? I don't think I would have recognized you if it wasn't for the coat."—*U. S. S. Tennessee Tar.*

Addition.—RICH MAN: "There's no sense in teaching the boy to count over 100. He can hire accountants to do his bookkeeping."

TUTOR: "Yes, sir, but he'll want to play his own game of golf, won't he?"—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Correct Version.—BUTCHER: "I can't give you any more credit, sir. Your bill is bigger now than it should be."

CUSTOMER: "I know that. Just make it out as it should be and I'll pay it."—*Toronto Star.*

Prepared.—Smith entered a big London store and made his way to the gardening department. "I want three lawn-mowers," he said.

The assistant stared hard at him. "Three, sir?" he echoed. "You must have a very big estate."

"Nothing of the kind," snapped Smith, grimly. "I have two neighbors."—*Two Bells.*

That'll Do.—DENTIST: "You needn't open your mouth any wider. When I pull your tooth I expect to stand outside."—*Toronto Globe and Mail.*

More.—DRUGGIST (to motorist who had been carried into his shop after an accident): "Yes, sir, you had a very bad smash, but I managed to bring you to."

MOTORIST: "I don't remember. Do you mind bringing me two more?"—*Foretop, U. S. C. G.*

Insult.—"I've finished with that girl."

"Why?"

"She asked me if I danced."

"What's so insulting about that?"

"I was dancing with her when she asked me."—*Cotton Ginners' Journal.*

Puzzle.—"I suppose," said the lady to the tram-conductor, "if I pay the fare for my dog he will be treated the same as the other passengers and be allowed to occupy a seat."

"Of course, madam," the conductor replied, politely, "he will be treated the same as other passengers and can occupy a seat, provided he does not put his feet on it."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

No Help for It.—Two elderly members met at the club after many years. Said one to the other, who was slightly deaf: "I'm sorry to hear of the death of your wife."

"Eh? What's that?"

"I'm sorry to hear your wife is dead."

"Speak up, man. I can't hear you."

"I'm sorry you've buried your wife!"

"But I had to. She died."—*Weekly News (Auckland, N. Z.).*

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FIRST CHOICE
FOR SAFETY AND ECONOMY

THERE are reasons why race drivers, big tire users and car owners everywhere choose Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires for greatest safety, mileage and economy. They know that tires may look alike on the outside, but on the inside they are different. For 17 consecutive years the drivers of the winning cars in the Indianapolis 500-mile race have bought and used Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires. The men who drive these cars at high sustained speeds will not risk their lives or chances of victory on any other tire. Ab Jenkins, the world's safest driver, has driven more than a million and a half miles on the highways of America on Firestone Tires without an accident, and in his spectacular record-breaking run at Lake Bonneville, Utah, he drove 7,134 miles in 48 hours on Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires without tire trouble of any kind.

The big transportation companies, such as Greyhound Bus Lines and Chicago Yellow Cab Company, use Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires to provide safety for their passengers at lowest cost per mile. Thousands upon thousands of car owners who regard safety as a first consideration, choose Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires to protect their lives and the lives of their families.

Before it is too late, discard your thin, worn, dangerous tires. Call on your Firestone Tire Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store today. Examine a cross-section and see the patented construction features used only in Firestone Tires.

Join the Firestone *Save A Life* campaign by equipping your car with a set of new Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires — the safest and most dependable tires that money can buy!

Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Margaret Speaks, Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C. Red Network

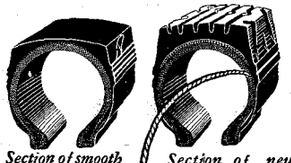
DON'T RISK YOUR LIFE ON THIN WORN TIRES

DO YOU KNOW . . .

THAT last year highway accidents cost the lives of more than 38,000 men, women and children?

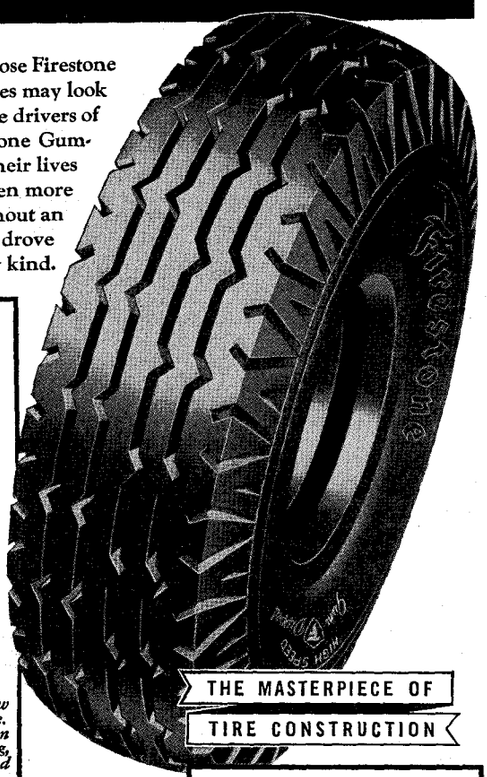
THAT a million more were injured?

THAT more than 40,000 of these deaths and injuries were caused directly by punctures, blowouts and skidding due to unsafe tires?



Section of smooth worn tire which is more susceptible to punctures, blowouts and skidding.

Section of new Firestone Tire. Note protection against skidding, punctures and blowouts.



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THEY WILL STOP A CAR UP TO 25% QUICKER as proved in tests by a leading university. The scientifically designed tread and the specially compounded rubber give you longer non-skid mileage and lower cost per mile.

THEY GIVE YOU GREATEST BLOWOUT PROTECTION because the cord body is Gum-Dipped. Gum-Dipping is the Firestone patented process that saturates and coats every cotton fiber in every cord of every ply with pure liquid rubber. Gum-Dipping counteracts internal friction and heat that ordinarily destroy tire life.

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YOU SAVE yourself and your family from dangerous accidents because Firestone patented construction features give you greatest blowout protection and safety from skidding.

YOU SAVE by buying now as tire prices are advancing. The price of crude rubber has gone up 110% and cotton more than 26% during the past two years. BUY NOW AND SAVE.

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